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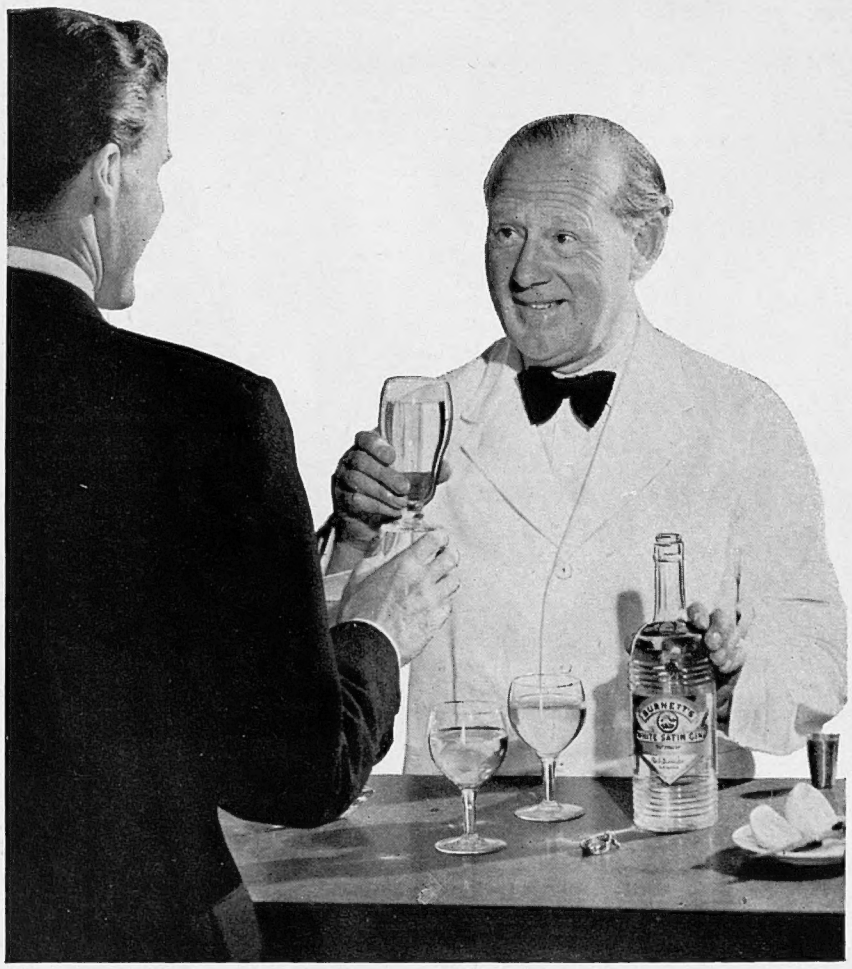

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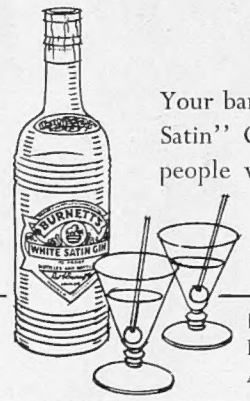

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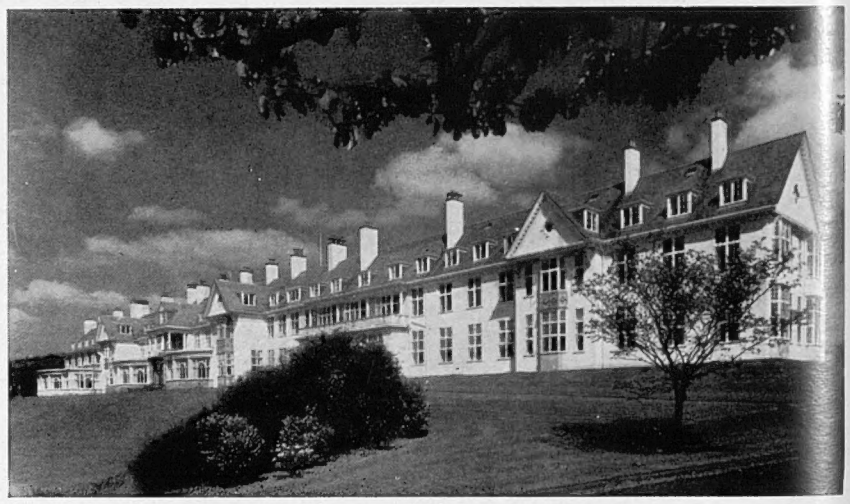

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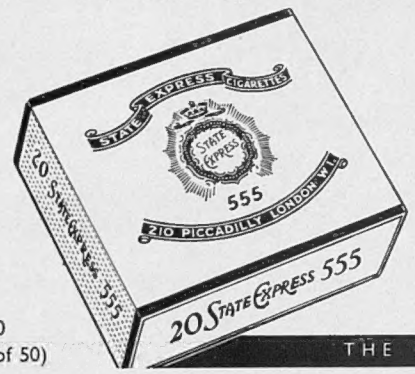

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The Cresta was photographed in Woburn Park by kind permission of His Grace the Duke of Bedford

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Volume CCXXXII No. 3021

The SPHERE, London, February 22, 1958

The SPHERE

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MR. MACMILLAN'S RETURN TO LONDON—"A WONDERFUL TOUR BUT IT'S GOOD TO BE HOME AGAIN": On his arrival in Downing Street, the Prime Minister talks informally to the crowd gathered to welcome him and raises his arms in cheerful and buoyant mood. He had been away for six weeks on his extensive tour of the Commonwealth—the first British Prime Minister in office to undertake such a trip. From London he went to Chequers, to receive reports from Ministers.

By all accounts the Commonwealth tour of the Prime Minister was an outstanding success. In a brief space of time he had covered enormous distances by air, visiting India, Pakistan, Singapore, New Zealand and Australia. A most marked feature of his travels was the warmth of his reception in the "uncommitted" Asiatic countries and the impression of understanding and of friendship on equal terms left by a Conservative Prime Minister should be a most salutary antidote to Communist charges of British "Imperialism." For this reason, if no other, it was to be hoped that the Labour Party would not try to belittle Mr. Macmillan's achievement in the Commonwealth when he made his first reappearance in Parliament. The Prime Minister had left Westminster on "the morning after" the Thorneycroft resignation and returned on the "morning after" the Rochdale election. The result of the latter had been a grave blow to the Conservative Party and its members were looking for a lead from Mr. Macmillan to show that it was not fatal. On the broad international scene the whole country was hoping there would be at least some progress towards an easing of the increasing world tension.

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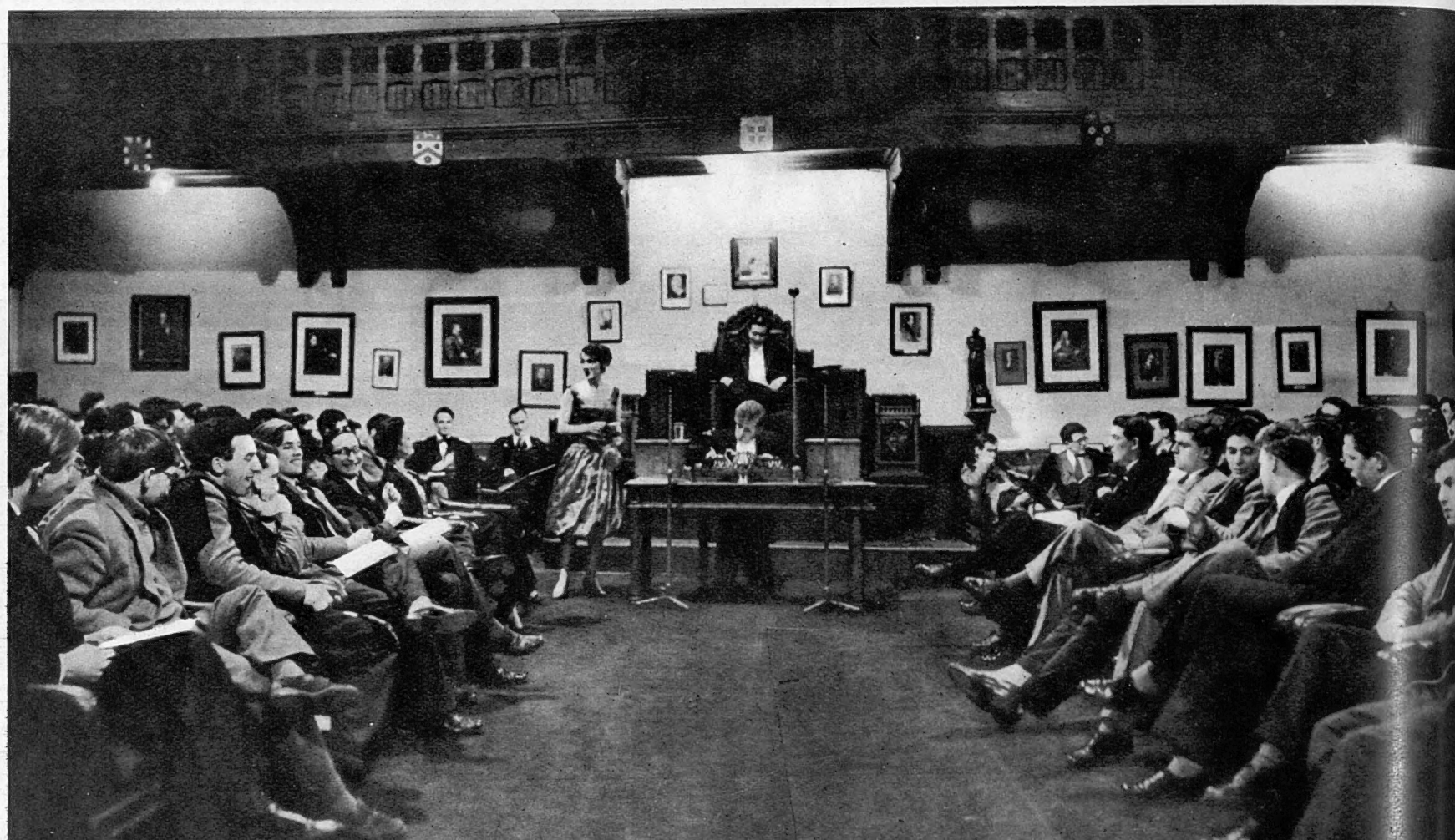

A WOMAN MAKES HISTORY IN THE CAMBRIDGE UNION : Miss Jennifer Platt, of Newnham College, the first woman to propose a Cambridge Union Society motion, is opening a debate under the Presidency of Mr. Christopher Norman-Butler. Although women are still not eligible for membership, a number have spoken as guests. When the Society held its first debate, in February 1815, there was a membership of 200. To-day, there are about 4,000 undergraduate members. Many eminent men in all walks of life have been President. Of the present Government, Mr. R. A. Butler, the Home Secretary, and Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, were Presidents in their day

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Rochdale Speaks.—All through the Rochdale jamboree, Mr. McCann had been the favourite for the triangular stakes. Thanks to television, most of the voters knew the names and faces of their candidates, and the hard labours of all three created an impression that Rochdale was very lucky to have such a star cast. Charm, patience and modest confidence in his chance of challenging the runner-up were Mr. Kennedy's weapons. A rugged confidence in the certainty of victory never deserted Mr. McCann. And Mr. Parkinson warned the electors of their troubles ahead when they had brought in Mr. McCann and brought nearer a Socialist Government. In short, it was no great surprise for the partisans of the major parties that this marginal seat changed hands. Rochdale is, for Tory comfort, only the second loss of a seat to Labour since the 1955 General Election, and indeed since 1951, but it is one of many indications of reaction from the Government and a very significant one. The electors turned out in strength comparable with that of the last General Election, partly, no doubt, due to the publicity engendered by the Liberal candidate and his popular wife. But while in this three-cornered fight, the Labour vote fell by less than 4 per cent., that of the Tories fell by more than 31 per cent. The spoils of victory clearly went to the Liberals, but, had they stood aside, no one can doubt that the Government must have lost the seat. For my part, I see no hope at all of the Conservatives holding their ground in by-elections during the Government's term or of keeping Labour out of power at the next General Election unless and until in the now very short time available they can cash some of their optimistic promises into achievements; and since those most urgently demanded include solid progress in the lessening of East-West tension and nuclear disarmament, settlement of the Cyprus issue, the problems of rising prices and unemployment, of frustrating taxation, a vindication of the Rent Act, the stability of sterling, and a new charter in industrial relations, the time is short indeed, and far too much has been wasted in triviality and irrelevance.

A Spark in the Powder Magazine.—Nations, like individuals, must sometimes echo: "Thank goodness, my hat covers my family." For the nations which make up an empire can be as tiresome and expensive as spoilt children and wear their parents down. Happy the man (and nation) that has his quiver full of nice, well-mannered children who can help him talk confidently with his enemy at his gate. Metropolitan France has her family troubles which threaten to bleed her white and the French air attack on a Tunisian village is an instance of yet another international danger. A match thoughtlessly lit can set off a world explosion, as it did in 1914. We may worry about the possibility of a fall-out from an H-bomb carried on a practice flight. It might do us an infinity of damage. We should worry much more over the possibility of a thoughtless or careless action not planned or sanctioned by any responsible Government, but capable of setting the whole world on fire, as it did at Sarajevo in 1914. Then, as now, an aggressive power might be waiting only for some such chance *casus belli*; but if to-day the terrors of modern warfare give pause even to the most aggressive the dangers of playing with fire are no less fearful, for the consequences are immeasurably more terrible, and it is no dead letter that those who take the sword, usually perish by it. It is small wonder if the Tunisian "incident" (understandable, but quite inexcusable) has given both Britain and the U.S.A. grave concern and caused convulsions in Paris. For even if it prove to have caused only a localised conflagration, it has played into the hands of Russia (not to add Nasser) and presented it with another trump card against "Western imperialism." There is, of course, no such thing as Eastern imperialism!

Commonwealth Ambassadors.—Mr. Macmillan's Commonwealth tour has ended most successfully and he is back in England in high spirits. No less successful has been the Queen Mother's visit to New Zealand. Both were inevitably tests of endurance. Weather conditions, the great distances to be covered, the claims of all sorts of communities to be "in the picture," made that inevitable. The common factor in the undoubted success of both "embassies" was the "family" atmosphere. Mr. Macmillan's tour involved him in very important discussions of political and economic problems capable of raising fierce and even bitter controversy between nations deeply concerned with their own security in a highly dangerous and competitive world, even if essentially interdependent. But, quite clearly to all who are not "in the know," the success of his visit was largely due to the fact that he showed himself a good mixer, and insisted on talking to all sorts and conditions of men, as man to man, not as a visiting potentate inspecting a guard of honour and pausing to throw a word to a bemedalled N.C.O. In short, there was no pomposity in his open-air progresses. His sympathy and interest were sustained and obvious, and the Australians who are not fond of pomposity or pose appreciated him. No less was the success of the Queen Mother's tour due to her intense sympathy and concern with human beings and their occupations and interests. Her dazzling smile is famous and admired. It owes nothing to art or training. The graciousness of princes is an empty thing unless based on human sympathy. In a world rent by bitter hatreds and suspicions, happy family parties are rare pleasures, and virtue comes out of them. Pacts and policies soon become scraps of paper. Every manifestation of human sympathy stands out like a rock in stormy seas.

No Bonn.—Our method of pleading, cap in hand, with the Bonn Government to do a little towards the cost of our troops in Western Germany seems a little humiliating to me. It is quite clear that the Bonn Government desire

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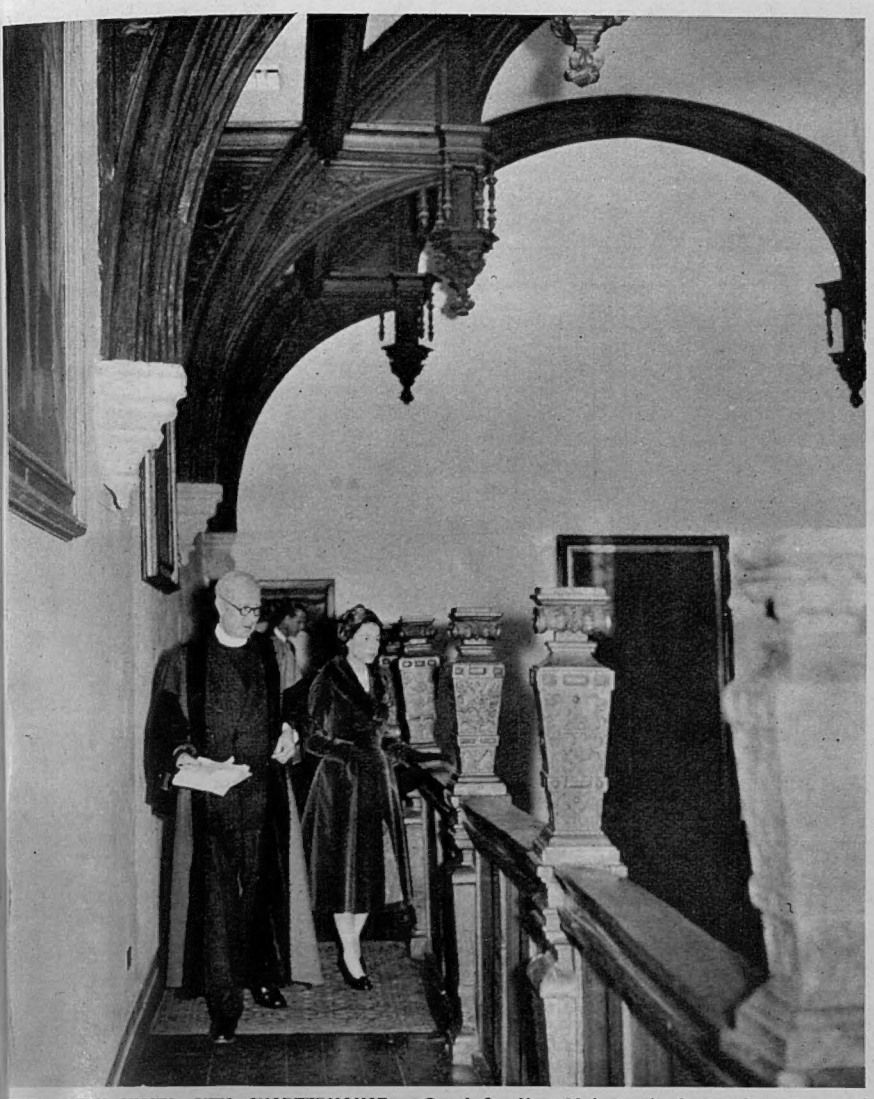


THE QUEEN VISITS CITY CHARTERHOUSE: *On left*—Her Majesty is inspecting the architecture as she walks along the gallery of the Great Hall of Charterhouse with the Master, Canon J. McLeod Campbell. The Queen, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, spent nearly two hours inspecting the restoration work which followed severe damage by bombing in May 1941. The Queen and the Duke, who are Royal governors—as have been all sovereigns and their consorts since 1611—were received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Geoffrey Fisher, chairman of the governors. *On right*—Accompanied by Dr. Fisher, Her Majesty walks through the cloisters during the tour.

that the troops should remain, provided they do not imply any financial sacrifices to the Germans. The arguments of the Defence Minister seem to me rather ingenuous. After all, he says, you must keep your troops somewhere, why not in Germany? Any little currency difficulties can easily be compensated by the Bonn offer of advance payment for the purchase of arms from Britain, even if the present intention is to buy American and French planes and to lease American destroyers. Then again, in the event of war, the expansion of the Bundeswehr would benefit the free world, not only the Federal Republic, and that expansion is now very costly. It certainly is not keeping step with solemn undertakings given. The costs of the millions of refugees, no one doubts, are a terrible burden, but memory must be short indeed if the Germans have quite forgotten who caused World War II with its consequences which left Britain in little better posture to restore its economy than Germany; and we have certainly done so much more slowly than Western Germany through no fault of our own. If Herr Strauss is at a loss to understand the British attitude, so am I. It is not a case of asking for charity, but of demanding implementation of undertakings. Nor do I favour the bright suggestion of a Labour M.P. that we could solve the balance of payments and foreign exchange problems by stationing German and other foreign allied troops in Britain. It 's a small island and already full enough and polyglot enough.

Football Tragedy.—The past six months hold an unenviable record of serious accidents in what are statistically regarded as the two safest means of transport, the railways and the air. The chances against an individual being involved in a fatal accident in either are astronomical, but when trains collide or passenger planes crash, the death-roll is often heavy and publicity is greatly increased. Despite statistics, neither football nor cricket teams of first-rate importance had been allowed to fly until two years ago, and the Munich crash is the first flying accident recorded in the records of clubs under the Football League. What is common to almost all, if not all, the major accidents by rail and air in recent months is weather conditions, fog for the railways, fog, snow or ice for the planes. Passengers by train are conscious of increased risk in fog, and snow-storms, quite obviously to passengers, add to the worry of pilots on landing and taking-off. The convenience of the travelling public is rightly a prime consideration, yet it is possible that that paramount duty of punctuality and regularity of service has outrun scientific perfection of safety measures. Certain it is that the Queen's sympathy has been perforce sent out to the Minister of Transport and Civil Aviation with distressing regularity in recent months or weeks. The famous Manchester United team, at the peak of its triumphs, is virtually blotted out, as in 1945 the Club's ground and reserves were blotted out. It must be the prayer of all his admirers that its manager, Mr. Busby, now slowly recovering, may be spared to repeat the miracle he achieved after 1945. Be that as it may, Manchester United will build itself up again with an invaluable and undiminished "goodwill."

Worn-out Tools.—Recently Mr. Macleod gained kudos for a great or a fine speech in which he "lifted the whole problem of industrial relations above party controversy." Indeed, the same compliment could have been paid to the first part of the speech of Mr. Robens, who opened the debate, but the latter part was party-political. Kipling's insistence that only 100 per cent. manliness can rebuild a ruined economy with "worn-out tools," disregarded the possibility of doing it better and quicker with modern machine tools which are available to both sides in industry and to the Government if they would but club together. That startling truth Mr. Macleod brought out. Why tinker and bicker in vain with tools considered suitable in 1930 when unemployment was a bitter grievance and memories of past injustices more bitter still, when the whole scene and setting are utterly different to-day? If the vast unions and associations of employers and employed would but shape themselves into modern tools fit to deal with totally new problems, the progress of rebuilding would be quicker and less expensive. Oddly enough, the worn-out tools have been effective enough in part. Their failure is chiefly seen in the nationalised industries. It is seen wherever wages outrun production or directly raise the already too high price of services. Where the Government is the employer, what should it do but honour its dual trusteeship, to the nation and to those it employs? Hope is now set on the first report of the Cohen Committee, whose object is defined as to reveal the economic state of the nation in 1958 and show how completely that state differs from that of the 1930's. If it succeeds, it will be the first serious and infinitely tardy effort at re-education, of which the fruits cannot expect to be enjoyed for some time to come. It was something to have lifted this disastrous problem out of the sphere of party controversy in the House for even an hour.

THE CAMBODIAN AMBASSADOR LEAVES TO PRESENT HIS CREDENTIALS: His Excellency Sam Sary, the Cambodian Ambassador to Britain, wearing traditional robes, steps into the diplomatic coach waiting outside his residence at Phillimore Gardens, W.8, in readiness for the drive to Buckingham Palace. He was making the journey to present his credentials to the Queen.

"Not at all Funny."—The Oxford Union, which is sometimes accorded quite high authority by the Press, recently rejected a motion "that the modern humorist is no longer funny." It was a debate in which many of us would have liked to take part and have hoped to shine as humorists. But on this occasion *The Times* went into the lobby with the ayes. Jupiter still awaits a writer whose new novel or first-night will unfailingly produce homeric and universal guffaws. I am inclined to agree that humour (as certainly wit) cannot indefinitely be carried over as an asset in posterity. Even Sidney Smith must be taken on trust, as must the voice of Jenny Lind. Print him, reproduce his aphorisms and you may find his reputation exaggerated. The humours of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* may still be appreciated to-day, but only through the dramatic art of the players, and the humour of Dickens, Jerome, Jacobs and Anstey, to be tasted undiluted by time and change, needs a special dressing. It may be that Leacock and even Wodehouse are growing past their prime in the cellar of humour. It is not time that flies. *Le temps, non; mais nous, nous en allons.* But, dash it, we don't await an assured humorist to-day. What about Anna Russell, Joyce Grenfell, Searle, Lancaster? And have we yet forgotten what Ruth Draper did to our jaw muscles? But I wish we had more novelists who were out to amuse us rather than to shock or disgust us. It is all wrong that we must get most of our laughs out of the absurdities of publicised or public men and women.

THE OLD STAGER

ROYAL DAYS IN NEW ZEALAND

A Great Welcome for the Queen Mother

At the end of her two-week tour of New Zealand the Queen Mother, who had fulfilled an extensive round of engagements in both North and South Islands, broadcast a message to the nation. She said : " The heartfelt affection with which you have surrounded me throughout this tour has been quite overwhelming. I can never hope to tell you how deeply I have been moved by your welcome." After her stay in Wellington, the capital, Her Majesty continued her journey and completed her tour at Christchurch. Meanwhile, she had also called at other towns, including Dunedin, and flown to Invercargill, in the extreme south of the country. Reports reaching London last week-end, as the Queen Mother started her three-week tour of Australia, referred to the " non-stop " character of the Royal tour. It is felt that in arranging programmes in the future there should be more opportunities for members of the Royal Family to rest during their stay in the country they are visiting.

A SPEECH OF WELCOME IN THE NEW ZEALAND CAPITAL: Mr. Nash, the Prime Minister of New Zealand, reads an address of welcome to the Queen Mother outside the Town Hall at Wellington. This was one of three major functions held out-of-doors on the same day during the Queen Mother's stay in the capital city.

A DEMONSTRATION OF SHEEP-SHEARING : The Queen Mother watches a demonstration of sheep-shearing given by a Maori team at the Green Hills station near Napier. Standing next to the Queen Mother is Mr. D. A. Hudson, the owner of the sheep station.

***On left*—**
A WAVE TO THE PEOPLE OF WELLINGTON: Her Majesty acknowledges the welcome of the crowd. Standing with the Queen Mother is the Mayor of Wellington, Mr. Kitts.

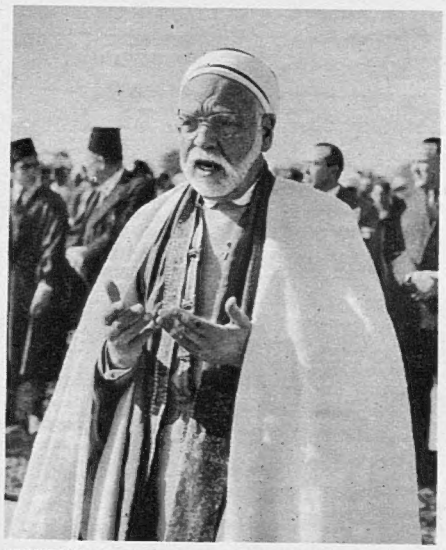
AT THE WELLINGTON GARDEN PARTY: The Queen Mother is accompanied by the Governor-General, Lord Cobham, and the Chief Justice, Sir Harold Barrowclough, as she meets the guests. *On right*—Her Majesty, holding a sun-shade, stands with Lord Cobham.

ALGERIAN REBELS PREPARE TO MOVE FROM TUNISIA ACROSS THE ALGERIAN FRONTIER: *Left*—Headed by the rebel flag, a column of the Algerian National Liberation Front marches through the village of Sakiet. *Right*—Rebels stream from a house towards a dispersal point in the village on the Tunisian-Algerian frontier. These pictures were received in London last week with the information that they had been taken some time before the French bombing of Sakiet. (Pictures taken after the bombing are on page 309.)

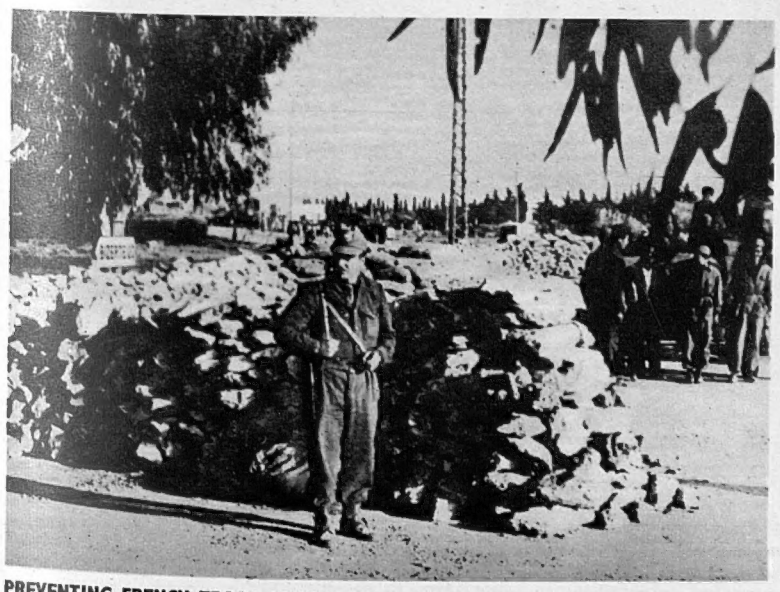
PROTEST AGAINST THE BOMBING: A dense crowd packs a square in Tunis during a demonstration against the French air action on Sakiet, in which seventy-five people, including women and children, were killed and eighty-three injured.

PRELUDE AND AFTERMATH TO SAKIET BOMBS

Cause and Effect of the Crisis in Tunisia

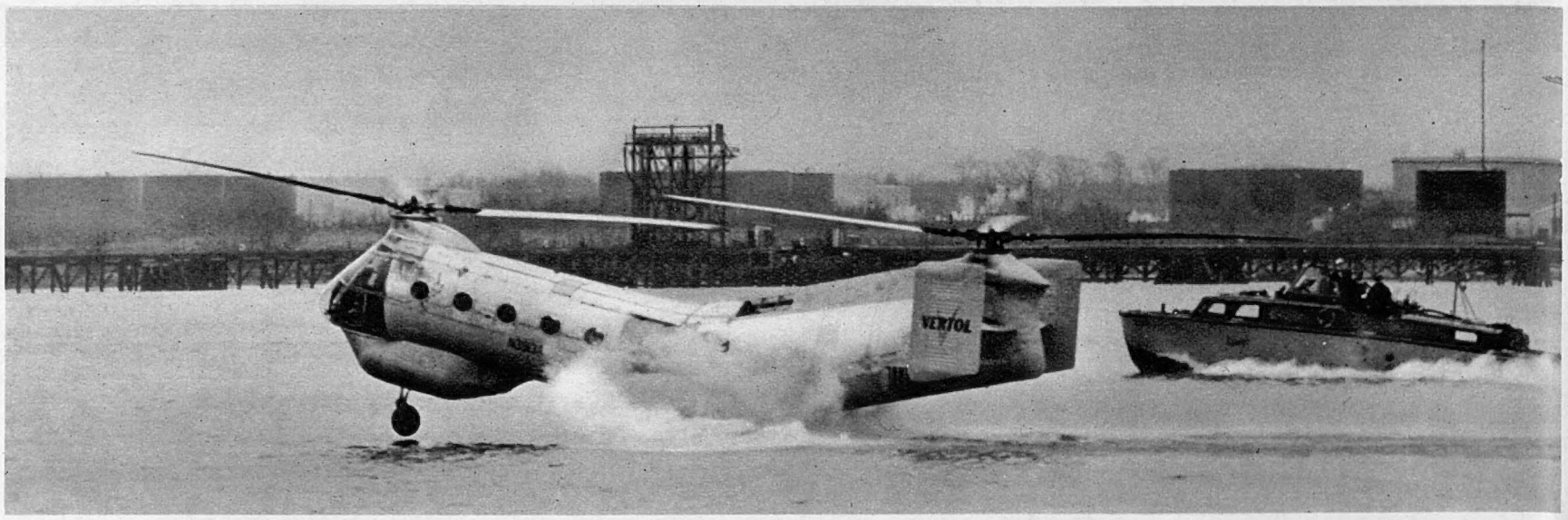


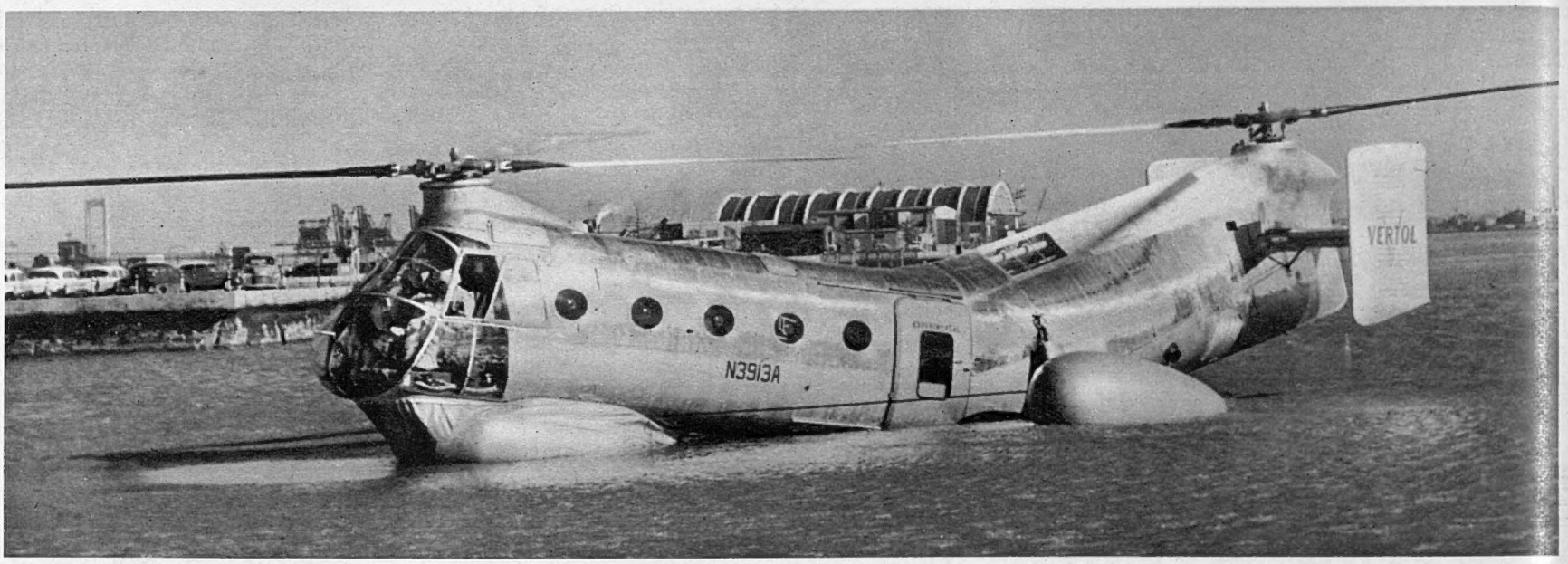
MOURNING THE DEAD: The Mufti of Tunis raises his hands in prayer at an open-air meeting in the capital on the day appointed for mourning the victims of Sakiet. Last week-end the French Government took action through the French Red Cross with a view to considering compensation for the victims.



PREVENTING FRENCH TROOP MOVEMENTS: A Tunisian soldier stands on guard by a block on a road some 12 miles from Bizerta. Its purpose was to prevent movement by the French garrison, confined to its barracks in Bizerta.

AN ANTI-FRENCH DEMONSTRATION: Fists are waved in the air by the crowd in Tunis demanding the evacuation of the French troops. After a week of crisis it was hoped that concessions from France and Tunis and America's "good offices" offer would lead to an easier situation.





A HELICOPTER AT HOME EITHER ON LAND OR WATER: A development enabling the Vertol Aircraft Corporation's Vertol 44 helicopter to take off from and land on water is demonstrated on the Delaware River, Pennsylvania. *Top*—The helicopter sends up a spray as it lands. *Centre*—The sealed fuselage is well above the surface, supported by sectioned floats, inflated under low pressure to avoid deflation in the case of punctures. *Below*—On taking off, water pours from the metal cages which shape and protect the aft floats.

AMPHIBIOUS HELICOPTER

A Unique Innovation Enables a Helicopter to Take off from and Land on Water

A major American aviation development by the Vertol Aircraft Corporation whereby the Vertol 44 helicopter can now take off from and land on water was recently demonstrated on the Delaware River, Pennsylvania. The innovation, which is to be incorporated on Vertol 44 helicopters supplied to New York Airways, Sabena Belgian World Airlines and other companies which operate regularly over water, caused considerable interest among officials who saw the flight. The ability of the helicopter to take off from and land on water lies in a watertight lower fuselage which is supported by three rubberised fabric floats. These are inflated under low pressure to avoid deflation should the fabric puncture. The Vertol 44 helicopter is an improved version of the Company's H-21 model and is available in three versions. It received its C.A.A. Approved Type Certificate in April 1957, and the sales include two model 44B's to the French Government and four for anti-submarine and other duties with the Swedish Navy. It has a maximum speed of 127 miles an hour and a cruising speed of 101 miles an hour. Up to twenty people can be accommodated.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

ARCHBISHOP MAKARIOS AFTER HIS INTERVIEW WITH SIR HUGH FOOT: The exiled Cypriot leader talks with newspaper correspondents in a hotel in Athens. He had just had a meeting with the Governor of Cyprus, Sir Hugh Foot. The meeting had been arranged at British initiative and not as result of any move by the Archbishop. Sir Hugh Foot, on his return to Cyprus, said that he had seen the Archbishop mainly to stress his call for restraint on the island. "I told him my views and he told me his. We both spoke very frankly." The Governor also stated that during their discussion the subject had not been raised for any form of negotiation for the return of the Archbishop to Cyprus.

MR. SELWYN LLOYD IN ATHENS: With the Foreign Secretary at the British Embassy are M. Averof (centre), Greek Foreign Minister, and Sir Hugh Foot. Mr. Lloyd spent three days in Athens last week for discussions on Cyprus with the Greek Government. During the week-end the Foreign Secretary was one of the first to report to Mr. Macmillan at Chequers, immediately after the latter's return from his Commonwealth tour.

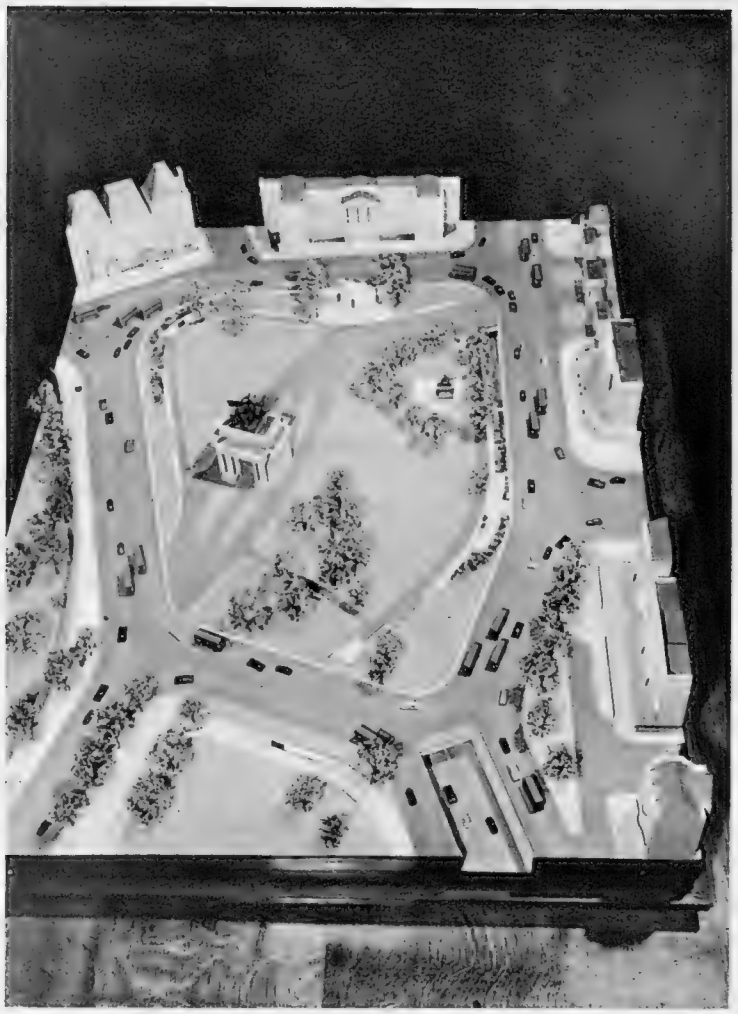
ROCHDALE BY-ELECTION SENSATION: The victor, Mr. J. McCann (Socialist, 22,133 votes), on right, is congratulated by Mr. L. Kennedy (Liberal, 17,603 votes), on left, and Mr. J. E. Parkinson (Conservative, 9,827 votes) after the announcement of the result. Labour's gain from the Conservative in this marginal seat was not unexpected. The sensational aspect was the size of the Liberal poll and the drop, of nearly one-third, in the Conservative vote. Rochdale emphasised the trend in recent by-elections for the Labour vote to be maintained, for the Liberal to be considerably increased and for the Conservative to be markedly decreased. The next by-election due will be at Kelvingrove (Glasgow). Early this week it was not known whether it would be a straight Conservative-Labour fight or whether the Liberals would intervene.

THE SCENE OF AN I.R.A. RAID ON A DORSET ARMY CAMP: A sentry paces in front of the guard-room of the camp of No. 1 Training Battalion, R.E.M.E., at Blandford. A few hours previously, in the early hours of the morning, a gang of at least five men who said they were members of the I.R.A. (Irish Republican Army) had attacked the guardroom. They shot one National Serviceman in the stomach and hit two others on the head with pistol butts. Although the raiders imprisoned ten soldiers in the adjacent armoury before the alarm was raised, they took no arms with them when they escaped.

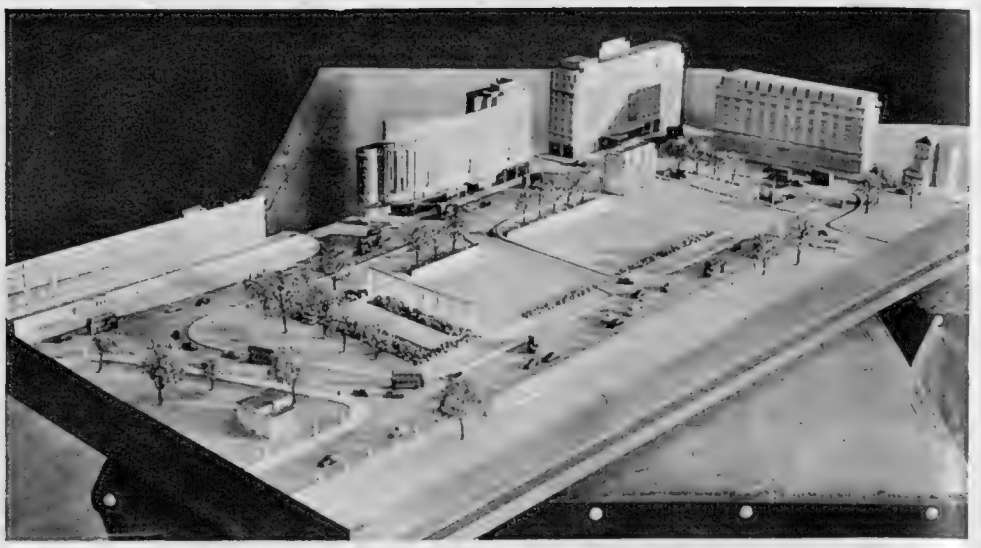
RECOVERY OF A SATELLITE WHICH FAILED: The third stage of a Vanguard missile is hauled up from the sea into a naval craft off the coast of Florida, near the United States Test Centre at Cape Canaveral. The Vanguard is the rocket with which a number of unsuccessful attempts were made at the beginning of this year to launch a space satellite by the United States Navy before the Jupiter-C with its Explorer was successfully sent into orbit through space by the United States Army.

BREAKING THE ICE IN THE HARBOUR OF NEW YORK: A freighter and a ferryboat (behind) make their way cautiously through the ice formed at the confluence of the East and Hudson Rivers off the Battery at the tip of Manhattan. Between the two rivers are grouped the skyscrapers and buildings which form the famous "sky-line." Throughout last week New York was suffering from a severe but seasonable cold spell. On the western side of the Atlantic Britain went through great contrasts of weather. At the beginning of the week many areas were suffering from the aftermath of snow and blizzard. By the week-end in London the weather was unusually mild and springlike.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



A RECONSTRUCTION PLAN FOR MARBLE ARCH AND HYDE PARK CORNER: A model showing the proposed layout of the Hyde Park Corner area of London County Council's road traffic scheme. In the foreground is Constitution Hill with, to the right, the entrance of a four-lane underpass taking traffic from Piccadilly to Knightsbridge. Wellington Arch occupies a site near the centre of the 3½-acre island, which will be covered with lawns and trees. At Marble Arch, although there will be two islands, it is proposed to treat the whole area as one island divided by a link road. The processional route will cross the island on the east side of the link road on the axis of Marble Arch, which will stand at the northernmost fringe of the island. The scheme was approved in principle last November and a Bill to enable the council to carry it out is now before Parliament. The total cost, including the bifurcating tunnel, will be £5,380,000. When finally authorised, the work, described by the Minister of Transport as the largest single road improvement in central London for fifty years, will take three years to complete.



A MODEL SHOWING THE PROPOSED SCHEME FOR THE MARBLE ARCH AREA: The 3½-acre traffic island is divided by a link road and the processional route, which, passing through the arch, crosses the island at the east end. At the western end there will be an ornamental pool 50 ft. in width and 135 ft. in length. This will have some sculpture and fountains, and will be floodlit at night.

THE BRITISH CHAMBER OF COMMERCE DINNER IN BRUSSELS: Distinguished guests join hands for the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" after the annual dinner held in Brussels. Reading from right to left are: Mr. Reginald Maudling, the British Paymaster General; M. Henri Fayat, the Belgian Foreign Trade Minister; Mr. Caldwell, the outgoing President of the Chamber of Commerce; M. Gillon, the President of the Belgian Senate, and Sir George Labouchere, the British Ambassador to Belgium.

A 1902 CAR, "BORROWED" BY STUDENTS OF SOUTHAMPTON UNIVERSITY, IS RETURNED TO THE IMPERIAL COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY AT SOUTH KENSINGTON: Students of the latter college are seated in the car on the last stage of its journey to South Kensington. One of them holds aloft the college mascot, an enormous wooden spanner. The car had been sent from Southampton to London in a van. It was taken from the Imperial College of Science and Technology by four Southampton University students, who "raided" the premises at night. They towed the car to Basingstoke and from there arranged for it to be taken to Southampton by lorry. When returned, at the request of the Imperial College, it bore a plaque reading: "Magnificently stolen by the engineers of Southampton University, Feb. 13, 1958."

WHEN A QUEEN PASSES BY: Queen Ingrid of Denmark (on left) passes unrecognised during a shopping excursion in Bond Street with Miss Sybille Bruun, a Lady-in-Waiting. The man standing on the steps smoking a cigarette is Mr. C. Gravenor, the caretaker at a block of offices. Queen Ingrid, whose visit to London was private, arrived at Dover on February 11. The journey from Dover to London was made by car. After spending five days in the capital, during which she made an extensive tour of many London shops, Queen Ingrid returned to Denmark by boat on February 17.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

TANGANYIKA FETES ITS RETIRING GOVERNOR: *Left*—Members of the Nyamwezi tribe gather round Sir Edward Twining, the Governor of Tanganyika, who is winding up his term of office by visiting many local tribes on a farewell safari. Sir Edward, Governor of Tanganyika since 1949, retires later this year. *Right*—Chief Adam Sapi, honorary captain in the 6th King's African Rifles, hands a presentation spear to Sir Edward during his tour of provinces in the Southern Highlands.

A WAR MEMORIAL TO 27,000 MEN: A general view of the scene at Taukkyan, twenty-two miles from Rangoon, in Burma, as General Sir Francis Festing, Commander-in-Chief, Far East Land Forces, and C.I.G.S. designate, unveils a war memorial to 27,000 Commonwealth officers and men who lost their lives in Burma and Assam during the war. A place of honour was provided for fifty British men and women who made an 8,000-mile pilgrimage to Rangoon to pay homage to their next-of-kin buried in the cemetery near the memorial.

EN TWO KINGS MEET: King Feisal of Iraq, on left, walks across the tarmac at Amman Airport with King Hussein of Jordan, after the former had arrived for talks on the subject of a scheme for federation between Jordan, Iraq and Saudi Arabia, proposed by King Hussein. The two Kings and their Ministers completed the main part of their conversations with an agreement on the union framework under which, it is expected, the two thrones will be retained but most other State activities will be amalgamated.

On right—

THE FOURTH TEST MATCH BETWEEN SOUTH AFRICA AND AUSTRALIA: Neil Adcock, foreground, the South African bowler, jumps into the air as W. Grout, an Australian batsman, is given out l.b.w. for seven in the first innings of the match at Johannesburg. In the background are Hugh Tayfield, on left, and Johnny Waite, on right, the wicketkeeper.

A SERIOUS COLLISION IN THE NETHERLANDS: A Dutch tug has drawn alongside the Turkish Liberty ship *Aijdin*, to assist in the rescue of the crew after she had been in collision with a French vessel, S.S. *Charles Tellier*, on the Westerscheld, in Holland. The 7,715-ton Liberty ship received severe damage and was practically sunk.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

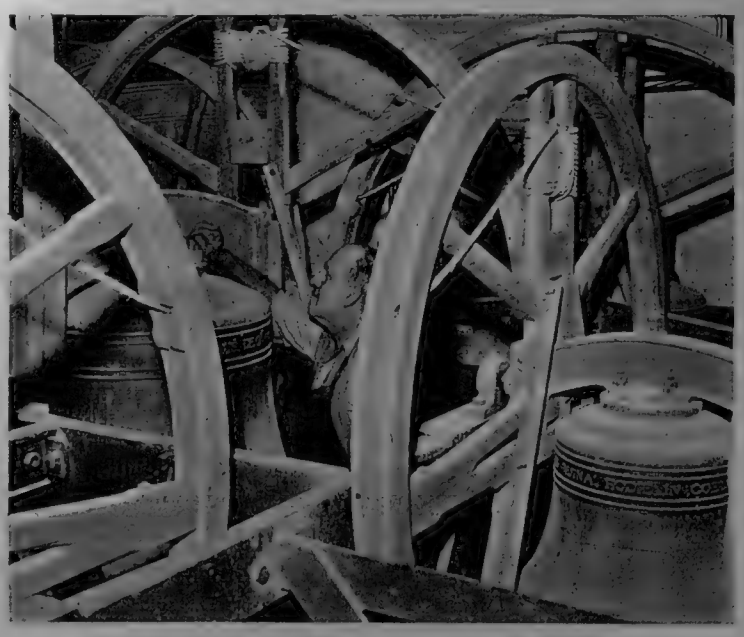
THE NEW SOUTHERN RHODESIAN PRIME MINISTER IN LONDON: Sir Edgar Whitehead, the fifty-three-year-old Minister of the Rhodesian Federation in Washington, who has been elected Mr. Garfield Todd's successor as leader of the Southern Rhodesian division of the United Federal Party, is seen on arrival at London Airport en route to South Africa from Washington. The voting at a special party congress in Salisbury was 193 for Sir Edgar and 129 for Mr. Todd.

TOWARDS A WIDER STRAND: A general view, taken from near Chari Cross Station and looking in the direction of Trafalgar Square, sho ing the scene on the south side of the Strand where extensive demo tion work is now in progress as part of the road-widening schem London County Council's plan is to widen the Strand to a width of abo 80 ft., but the actual work on the thoroughfare itself will not be started u this site has been prepared for development. The site is bounded by Geo Court, Villiers Street, John Adam Street, York Place and the Strand. T development plan is for the erection of shops and offices. When put in ha the road works are expected to take six months from the date they are start

PREPARING THE BEACH AT GREAT YARMOUTH: Bulldozers are put into action at the famous holiday resort of Great Yarmouth, in Norfolk, to push the sand back on to the beach and level it off in readiness for the coming summer season. During the winter, winds have swept hundreds of tons of sand from the six-mile stretch of beach on to the promenades, gardens and bowling greens.

On right—

"THE BELLS OF ST. CLEMENTS" READY TO RING AGAIN: Mr. Harry Park, of the Whitechapel Bell Foundry, adjusts the largest bell in the peal in the tower of St. Clement Danes, in London's Strand. The famous bells associated with "Oranges and Lemons" have been recast and were due to be rung last Friday for the first time since 1941, when the church and its peal suffered very extensive damage from bombs. Restoration of the church itself is now nearing completion. It will become the Central Church of the Royal Air Force, commemorating all those who gave their lives during the two world wars and in the period between while serving with the R.A.F., R.F.C., R.N.A.S. and the Women's Air Services.



ONE OF THE NEWEST ARRIVALS AT WHIPSNADE ZOO: "Longlegs," a Bactrian Camel, stands on guard over daughter "Alice," who was born at Whipsnade Zoo. When this picture was taken, "Alice" was only four days old. Her arrival has been greeted with much interest.

THE BOMBS ON SAKIET

Pictures of the Tunisian Border Village after the French Bombing

On left—

INSPECTING THE DAMAGE: Members of diplomatic missions in Tunisia walk through an area of Sakiet which had been heavily damaged by French bombing. In the centre, left, accompanied by a woman, is Mr. Lewis Jones, the United States Ambassador. Two days after the bombs had fallen the Tunisian Government invited the diplomatists to make this visit. Sakiet is a Tunisian village very close to the border with Algeria. The French claimed that only military targets had been attacked—and these were posts from which raids were being made into Algeria. The Tunisians reported that seventy-five civilians were killed and that eighty-three others were injured in and around a crowded market.

DEVASTATION ON THE ALGERIAN-TUNISIAN BORDER: In a surround of bombed houses the signpost in the centre of the picture points towards the Customs post at Sakiet. The name of the village was not unknown to the world before the bombing. A month previously the French military authorities had alleged that an ambush had been mounted in the border area by rebels, that fifteen French soldiers had been killed and four prisoners taken into Tunisia.

MILITARY POSTS OR CIVILIAN DWELLINGS? : This picture is clear evidence of heavy bombing. But throughout last week international controversy continued regarding the uses for which these buildings had been employed in the Tunisian frontier village.

On right—

THE SCHOOLROOM OF SAKIET: Debris litters the desks. Among the dead in the air raid the Tunisian spokesmen claimed that there were twelve children.

A RED CROSS CASUALTY: Two Tunisian soldiers guard the wreckage of a lorry marked with the Red Cross and a Swiss numberplate. A senior French officer stated that there were no Red Cross vehicles in sight during the bombing operation.

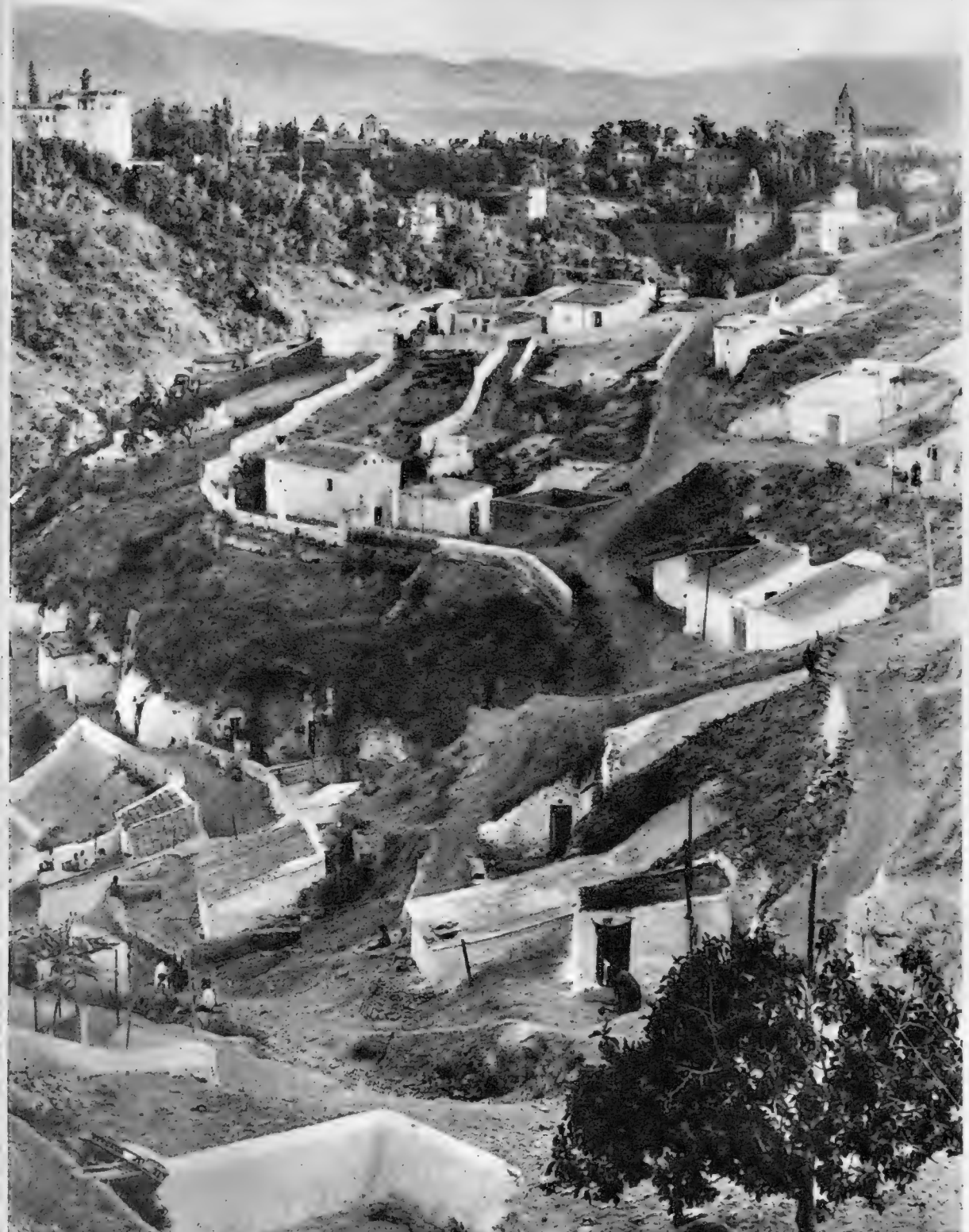
The bombing by French aircraft of Sakiet, just over the Tunisian side of the frontier of Tunis and Algeria, was a major sensation which has added to the current international tension. During last week many of the facts of the case were still in dispute owing to conflicting reports from France and from Tunis.

On Saturday, February 8, a squadron of the French Air Force passed over the Algerian border and dropped bombs on the village of Sakiet. According to the French, only military targets were attacked, the object of the operation being to put a stop to the frequent raids over the border by supporters of the Algerian rebel National Liberation Front (F.L.N.). On the other hand, the Tunisians claimed that the bombing was indiscriminate, that bombs fell on the crowded streets round the village market and that seventy-five civilians were killed and eighty-three injured. Within two days members of the diplomatic corps in Tunis had been invited to see the damage for themselves and form their own judgment. From the evidence of their reports and from pictures, there can be little doubt that the raid was extensive.

President Bourguiba of Tunis immediately took retaliatory measures. He demanded the evacuation of the French troops in Tunisia and, pending this, confined the 15,000 troops to barracks by forbidding their transport to move. This in effect threatened the French with being starved out because they are dependent upon local sources for supplies. In Tunis there were noisy demonstrations by the inhabitants, demanding arms for themselves and the immediate withdrawal of the French Army.

In Paris, M. Gaillard, the French Prime Minister, won a vote of confidence in the National Assembly after his explanation of the Sakiet bombing. He stoutly maintained that most of those killed were Algerian rebels. He also pointed out that there had been a constant flow of arms through Tunisia for the rebels and that the French military authorities on the spot had frequently warned the local authorities of Sakiet of the possible consequences.

Nevertheless, inside and outside France there was a widespread feeling of shock at what had occurred and alarm at the possible very serious consequences. Speaking in the House of Commons, Commander Noble, Minister of State, Foreign Office, stated that the British Government had urged on both the French and the Tunisian Governments the need for moderation and restraint.

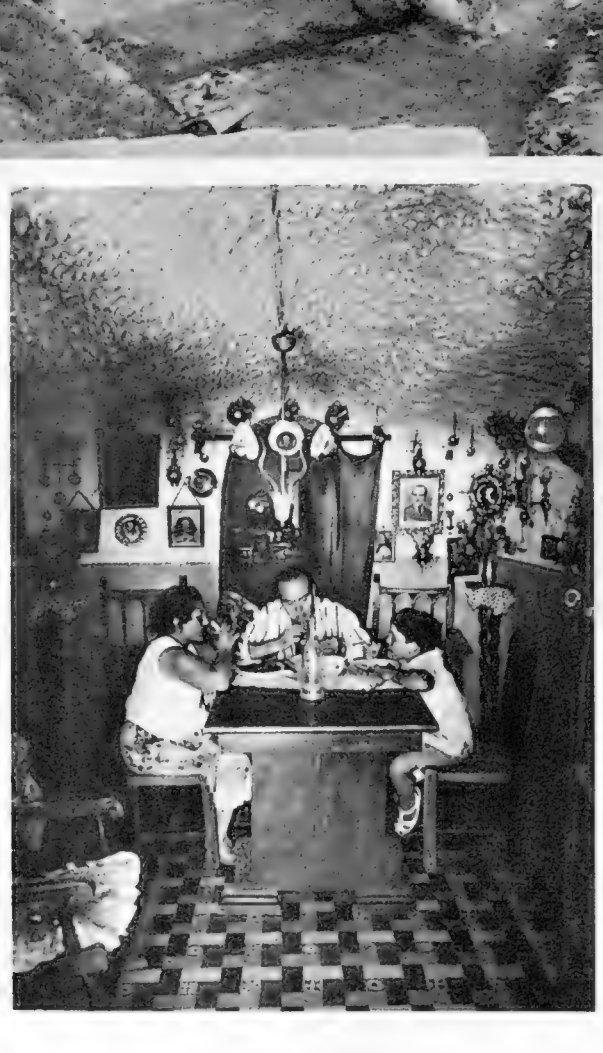


CAVE DANCERS OF GRANADA

The Dwellings in Which Spanish Gipsies Perform Flamenco

A CENTRE OF GIPSY DANCING IN A SPANISH MOUNTAIN: The caves in the hillside of the Holy Mountain of Granada are the dwellings of gipsies who are always prepared to dance for the pleasure of tourists. In the background are the famous gardens of the Alhambra. *On left*—Inside his home in a cave, Rosario Amaya is at the head of the table with members of his family sitting on each side.

A DANCE IN PROGRESS: It is called the "Sambra," and requires four guitars. Visitors sit in the background. The gipsies believed that the first of them settled there when Ferdinand



FLAMENCO is a word which has international currency because it is untranslatable. Most people would define it as meaning a form of gipsy dance, usually associated with Spain. But few would dare to assert its origin. Some authorities hold that the dance forms are basically Oriental. Others derive the term from "Flemish," claiming that "Flamenco" is a corruption of this term.

The historian seeking a precise answer to this question might gain assistance from a study of the unique gipsy community which lives in caves outside Granada, in Andalusia. The ordinary tourist will certainly find a visit rewarding, if only because he may see the Flamenco being performed in traditional surroundings. How the gipsies came to Granada is again a matter of conjecture. The general opinion is that they were camp followers of the army of the Christian Monarchs, Ferdinand and Isabella, who overcame the Moors and planted the Cross and the banner of Castile over the city in 1492 after several centuries of Moorish rule.

According to popular belief the gipsies settled then on the slopes of what was to become known as the Sacro Monte (Holy Mountain), making their dwellings in the caves in its slopes. And there, in the bowl beneath t famous gardens of the Alhambra, they have remain

This permanency of residence, and the fact that ma of the members of the community obtain their living out regular trade, makes them unusual gipsies, and almost contradiction in terms. For gipsies are usually class as a people who are basically wanderers—ill-educated, not illiterate, familiar in the surroundings of fairs fortune-tellers or horse-copers. The Granada gipsies m not be Romany. Indeed, many of their children go school. But they certainly carry on a tradition which much associated with gipsies in other parts of Europe talent for music and dance.

The cave dwellings, or *cuevas*, are their homes and th

BETWEEN PERFORMANCES: A group of the gipsy dancers of Granada wait outside a cave in which tourists are gathering. The dancers often give several performances in a day. Occasionally a very talented "ballerina" may be taken up by an impresario from Madrid or another Spanish city and eventually achieve an international reputation.

UNDER THE MIDDAY SUN: The baker plies his trade among the caves. Many of the gipsies make a living out of regular trade.

A WOMAN OF INFLUENCE: Golondrina plays for a dance. She is an ex-dancer who has attained great influence in the gipsy community by organising performances of spectacular Flamenco.

erformers, who are accompanied by ived in the caves for centuries. It is sabella conquered the city in 1492.

CLIMAX OF THE FLAMENCO: The girl's skirts billow out as she whirls round. *On right*—The dancer bends back until her head touches the floor, while the audience exchange appreciative remarks.

theatres. For many months of the year they are a great attraction for tourists. The Flamenco require a long training, almost as long and as rigorous as that for the classical ballet and few, except Spaniards, ever master them. There are said to be over fifty variations or styles and the music for all of them is usually played upon guitars, with a "chorus" of clapping of hands and tapping of feet.

Anyone staying in or near Granada will almost certainly want to go and see the exponents of this art in the caves of the Holy Mountain. Most will find themselves directed to the Cuevas della Golondrina—the Cave of Golondrina.

This is the name of the householder of the cave. Golondrina is a stout and formidable woman who will sometimes herself accompany her performers on a guitar. She is an ex-dancer who, more than anyone else in the cave community, has organised the business of presenting the dances. As the leading local impresario she has great influence and she usually has a "cast" of about twenty girls and two men.

The audience sit round the walls of a room in Golondrina's cave and can enjoy the spectacle of a variety of dances. As in all gipsy performances of this kind the tempo varies from extremely slow to very fast, the climax often consisting of a twisting of bodies, whirling of legs and a billowing of skirts. Old guide-books state that high prices are charged to visitors and that "careful bargaining" is necessary. Since to-day the Granada dancing is a recognised business, there appears to be a more or less established tariff.

There can be no question of the great talents of these Andalusian gipsies. Even the humblest performer is a reminder that the Flamenco are only performed outside Spain by professional dancers. From time to time one of the cave dancers gains a public beyond the confines of Granada and may even attain an international reputation. This does not often happen, but those who visit Granada to-day may see a dancer with such potentialities. She is twenty-one-year-old Palmira Amaya (Amaya is a very common gipsy name). Golondrina, who should be a judge of such matters, declares: "She is perfect. Now, or later, she is bound to finish in the hands of some talent-hunting impresario. Then, in some magnificent theatre in Madrid, she will be able to give the kind of performance of which she is really capable."

THE INQUIRY INTO THE PROPOSAL TO BUILD A NUCLEAR POWER STATION IN NORTH WALES: *Left*—The hearings open in the Village Hall at Trawsfynydd, in Merionethshire, of the public inquiry into the project for a £50,000,000 nuclear power station there. At the table on the platform the two Inspectors sit in the centre—Mr. H. W. Grimmett (to the left) and Mr. C. D. Buchanan. *Right*—Demonstrators carry banners through the village to show their support for the scheme as a means of solving local unemployment.

ATOMS FOR JOBS IN WALES

A Nuclear Scheme Gives Hope to the Workless

The nightmare word "unemployment" is making headlines on both sides of the Atlantic. The general situation in Britain is certainly much better than in America. In parts of Wales, however, there is increasing alarm at growing unemployment. Various plans offer the workless hope. At Trawsfynydd, in Merionethshire, a public inquiry was held last week into the Central Electricity Board's proposal for the construction of a nuclear power station there. Local feeling that this would bring work was demonstrated by banners with such slogans as "Pylons Before Poverty" and "Objectors Not Welcomed." Earlier this month, in Caernarvon, a mass protest meeting, attended by several thousand workless, was held in protest against the local lack of jobs. Suggestions were put forward for founding a trading estate and bringing new industries to the neighbourhood which would relieve unemployment.

THE SITE FOR THE PROJECT: Clouds hang over the hills around the valley near Trawsfynydd, where it is proposed to build the nuclear power station. Construction would start on the lakeside, which is seen on the right, behind the farmhouse.

A GRIM SPECTRE RETURNS TO THE WELSH VALLEYS: Men queue outside the Labour Exchange at Penygroes, in Caernarvonshire, to sign on as unemployed. *On left*—A procession with banners sets out from Penygroes to march seven miles to Caernarvon. There, several thousand workless men from the locality gathered for a mass meeting of protest against unemployment. Wives and children were present. Proposals were put forward for bringing new industries to the area.

THE START OF WHAT EASILY MIGHT HAVE BEEN A FATALITY IN THE ITALIAN DOLOMITES: Franco, an Italian rock climber, is crouched beneath an overhanging wall which he is trying to climb round to join his friend (not in the picture), who has successfully negotiated the obstacle. During his attempt a rope stirrup broke loose, swinging him out into mid-air. The rest of the pictures accompanying this article show how Franco's great strength and skill averted what appeared to be certain disaster.

UNAWARE OF THE IMMINENT DANGER: The climber, with a heavy rucksack on his back, holds on to the left-hand stirrup as he places his full weight on the right-hand stirrup, which, unknown to him, is insecure, the piton having worked itself loose in the rock.

A MOMENT OF GREAT ANXIETY: The right stirrup having fallen, Franco is swung dangerously into mid-air, his only means of support being the rope to which the left-hand stirrup is attached, and a second rope tied round his body and leading up over the overhanging wall to where his companion stands. Below him lies a sheer drop of 660 feet.

DANGER IN THE DOLOMITES

Pictures Showing how the Strength and Presence of Mind of an Italian Climber Averted a Tragedy

THE distinctive peculiarities of Dolomite mountain scenery, with its jagged outlines and isolated peaks, may be seen on the grandest scale in the south-east of Tyrol and in the Carinthian Alp masses. When anyone speaks of the Dolomites *par excellence*, it is usually in reference to the mountains of this region. A division of the Alps, the Dolomites extend in all their splendour north-east from Trento to Monte Cristallo and culminate in the 10,979-ft.-high Mt. Marmolada.

Of limestone formation, the Dolomites are distinguished by their jagged peaks, steep precipices, secluded valleys and magnificent scenery. It is for this reason that they are a paradise for rock-climbers. They are not, however, without their element of danger. Indeed, some of the seemingly easy pinnacles bring the climber into contact with the greatest of difficulties which call for a high degree of strength and presence of mind.

One such incident which occurred recently was the attempt by two experienced Italian climbers to open up a new route on the face of a previously unscaled pinnacle in the Paterno group. The climb, which was exceedingly difficult even during the early parts of the ascent, became almost impossible at one stage when an overhanging wall ending in a bulging roof was encountered. It was while trying to overcome this obstacle—at a height of 660 ft. —that the second climber, Franco, almost lost his life.

(*Continued on following page*)

IN A PERILOUS SITUATION: Dado, the first of the two climbers, clings tightly to the rock surface, unable to assist his companion in any way other than by supporting him from the climbing rope which is knotted round Franco's middle and which is slowly tightening due to the great strain imposed upon it.

TRYING TO REACH THE ROCK SURFACE: The rope round his middle having tightened to such an extent that it is in danger of rendering him unconscious by choking, Franco, his body almost at the horizontal, tries desperately to lasso the cliff with a loose sling. Once he can manage to get the sling over a jagged piece of rock, he could pull himself in. The accident occurred when the two climbers, both of considerable experience and stamina, were attempting to open a new route on a previously unscaled pinnacle in the Paterno group.

DANGER IN THE DOLOMITES

On left—STRUGGLING FOR LIFE: Fighting off panic and with pain written all over his face, Franco tries to lift another loose sling over his shoulder for a second attempt at lassoing the cliff surface. Both his feet have now swung out of the remaining stirrup and his body is supported solely by the two ropes. Climbers who attempt to find new ways of scaling hazardous pinnacles are often known as men who climb at the top level of human endurance.

(*Continued from previous page*)

The first climber, Dado, had managed to clamber round the wall and was standing on top of it crouched against the rock at the end of his length of rope.

His companion, having moved up to the last resting point beneath the roof, placed a foot into a rope stirrup fixed to the rock with the aid of a piton. The full weight of the climber was too much for the support and, without warning, it came loose, swinging him perilously into space. He was saved from falling by a rope tied round his middle and extending up to Dado. The savage jerk, however, almost threw this climber off balance and it was only by exerting great strength that he was able to cling on to the rock.

Unable to assist for fear of loosing his grip, Dado could only watch his friend swinging dizzily below him. As Franco tried desperately to swing back into contact with the rock, the rope round his middle slowly tightened until it almost rendered him unconscious. After making several unsuccessful attempts at lassoing a jagged rock point he managed to clinch it, pulling himself slowly back to safety.

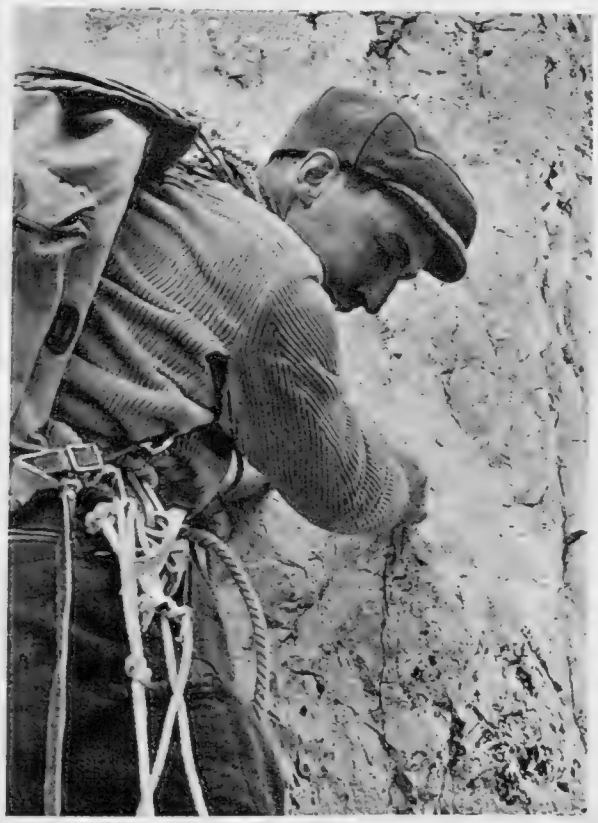
Both men, one almost in a state of collapse and the other under great strain, fixed a rappel rope and lowered themselves on to a rock plateau. Like all good climbers, however, they were determined not to be defeated in their object and after pausing to recover they set out to find a variant to their planned route of ascent.

Avoiding the overhanging, they passed up another face with a better rock surface and, shortly before nightfall, reached the summit of the pinnacle. Their feeling of satisfaction was numbed by the reminder of the nasty experience which could have resulted in the loss of one, if not two, lives.

Relating his experience after making the descent, Franco told friends that his greatest worry while suspended in mid-air was not of actually falling but of becoming panic-stricken. If he had stopped thinking of ways in which to regain contact with the rock, it would have been all over for him in a matter of seconds.

"Everything happened so slowly that time appeared to be stretched out like a rubber band," he said. "It appeared as though I had a lifetime in which to think between gasping for breath." When examining his equipment some time later he discovered that the strain on the rope had been so great that it had started to fray at the point where it was knotted round his middle.

A MOMENT OF GREAT RELIEF: His second attempt with the lasso is successful. Managing to get it over a jagged point he slowly pulls himself into contact with the cliff.



SAFE AFTER A HARROWING EXPERIENCE: Franco, still supported by the rope from above, rests part of his body on the rocks in an uneasy position as he regains his breath.

Above—THE DRAMA IS OVER: Franco rappels down the rope to a more secure position. *On right*—Some of the guides at the bottom of the mountain anxiously watch the drama involving the two climbers who, at their great height, are hardly visible to the naked eye on the ground. The climb is now referred to as "the ascent of the pinnacle of slow death."

A HAPPY AND SATISFYING ENDING TO AN ASCENT WITH UNFORESEEN DANGER: The two climbers, fully recovered from the harrowing experience, veer off their original route and successfully reach the summit of the pinnacle up a knife ridge.

THE NORTH'S LOVELIEST TOWN

Richmond is Always Beautiful but is Little-Known to English Tourists

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

ONE of the strange things—and there are many—about England (which is, on the whole, a pretty hilly country) is that there are so few hill towns. Offhand, I can think of only two: Bishop's Castle, in Shropshire, and Shaftesbury, in Dorset. I suppose that a good case could be made out for the "high town" of Bridgnorth, which is still clearly distinct from the "low town." Of course, there are any number of hilly towns: Bristol (built, like Rome, on seven hills), Bath, Sheffield, Lyme Regis, Halifax, to name some of them. Also, there are plenty of towns which started life as hill towns in the strict sense of the term, but which are now just hilly towns.

These are all towns which were originally built around a castle. The castle architects, for obvious reasons, chose whenever possible the most commanding sites: the more precipitous the site, the more easily defensible. If there was room on the hilltop, then the town was built to nestle immediately beneath the castle walls or as near to them as the overlord, bearing military considerations in mind, would allow.

As a general rule there was not very much space left on the hilltop when the castle was completed, and then the houses of the town spilled over the edge, clinging to the hillsides dominated by the castle keep. You can see how this has happened in such places as Appleby, Barnard Castle, Durham, Lewes, Ludlow, Richmond (Yorkshire) and Tamworth. All these were once hill towns in the strict sense of the term: all are now just hilly towns. But with this difference between them and, say, Bath or Sheffield. These are towns which have outgrown their hilltops: the others are towns which have outgrown their valleys.

THE INSPIRATION FOR A FAMOUS SONG: The view is of Richmond, in Yorkshire, with the large tower of the Castle dominating its buildings. It was here that the song "The Lass of Richmond Hill" was written. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald describes the town, which spills down the hill on which its castle stands, as "surely the loveliest in the North of England." *On right*—The tower of Holy Trinity Church is curiously divorced from its main building. In front of the houses is part of the cobbled market-place.

The great fortress-city of Durham is undoubtedly the best-known example (because by far the most frequently photographed) of this "over-spill" of a hill town. But Richmond, in Yorkshire, is surely the most picturesque. Indeed, it is surely the loveliest town in the North of England and one of the half-dozen or so loveliest in all England. It makes no difference from which direction you first view Richmond: always it is beautiful. Looking down on it from the west, you see many towers rising up above the town itself and you get the impression that here is a great religious centre. Coming to it from the moorland to the south, you look down on the grim walls of the castle standing immediately below, and realise that this was a fortress dominating the dale country.

From the Terrace, Richmond appears to be spread across the hillside, the grey houses merging almost imperceptibly into the castle on the rock above and the castle itself merging almost imperceptibly into the dark, and often forbidding, moors stretching away behind. From the bank of the Swale, the river always in a hurry, the castle walls line the cliff, the gigantic Norman keep towers above, and the town seems to be held firmly in the arms of its protector. And at night, standing on the far bank of the Swale, you look across the river to a pyramid of winking lights and you might be in a fairyland, albeit usually a rather chilly one. I repeat that it makes no difference from which direction you first approach Richmond: always it is beautiful, and that is something which one can say of very few towns nowadays.

Oddly enough, once in the town itself, you cannot see the castle. You come into a large market-place with shops arranged in an uneven, and most attractive, line all around it and a market cross at one end. There is a great deal of cobblestone in Richmond: you may remember that Celia Fiennes, visiting the town at the end of the seventeenth century, remarked that "the streetes are like rocks themselves." The market-place is a fine example of the cobbles and is so huge that one expects to find a huge market, especially as market day is Saturday, which one would have thought ought to be a very good day indeed for a market in so rural an area as Swaledale.

Actually Richmond market, from what I have seen of it (which is not, I must admit, very much), is neither exceptionally big nor exceptionally busy. The well-patronised market in these parts is the Tuesday market at Hawes, in neighbouring Wensleydale, a place about a quarter the size of Richmond and with, by comparison, a minute market-place.

But this does not mean that Richmond does not fill up on Saturdays. It does—with soldiers. Catterick Camp, which is the Aldershot of the north (but isolated and much more depressing), is not very far away, and there is a good service of buses from the market-place. The presence of the military has brought to this medieval town all the amenities of twentieth-century urban civilisation: cinemas and dance halls and chain stores. It might have meant the ruin, scenically, of Richmond. But Richmond has absorbed them all and remained unspoilt. You do not even notice the red and gold front of one of our most famous institutions unless you look for it deliberately.

It is easy to miss a good many good things in Richmond if you do not look carefully. An example is Trinity Church—strictly speaking, a chapel, the Chapel of the Holy Trinity—in the market-place. It is easy enough to see the tower but it really is quite a difficult task to find the church itself: to discover where the shops and houses end and the church begins. For the church has had shops fitted under it and now more buildings divide it from its tower, so that the latter now stands divorced and has become the town belfry from which the curfew is rung. There are a good many oddities like this, though perhaps none quite so odd. For instance, Friars' Wynd ("wynd" is the local name for a lane) leads to the Perpendicular tower of Grey Friars'. There is only the tower: it is all that was built of a new church at the time of the Dissolution of the Monasteries. All the towers and steeples which were standing at the Dissolution of the Monasteries are still standing. I wonder if that is true of any other town in England?

In Friars' Wynd there is an undistinguished-looking building (it might really be a warehouse) which is the Richmond Theatre and which, it is claimed locally, is the oldest theatre in England. I do not know if the claim is justified—I should think it may well be, for it was opened in 1788—but it is certainly the oldest Georgian theatre to retain its original form. The great Edmund Kean played here, and the old playbills are still to be seen. The building was a warehouse for close on a hundred years, but it is now once more a theatre.

Exploring the narrow wynds which open from the market-place is quite an adventure and extremely good exercise, for practically every street in Richmond is a hill—even the market-place is not on the level—and many of them are remarkably steep. Frenchgate is one of these streets and, being cobbled, it makes quite a formidable walk on a wet day. Looking back from the top, Frenchgate appears to drop precipitously to the market-place. The romantically-minded (and I am one) will climb Frenchgate just to have a look at Hill House, which is a house with some very romantic associations. It was here that Frances l'Anson was staying when the Irishman Leonard MacNally, her future husband, wrote "The Lass of Richmond Hill." He wrote it as a sonnet, of course—and a very good sonnet it is, too—but then apparently thought that that was not quite sufficient for his purpose and had it set to music by James Hook.

That is not the only romance associated with Hill House. Not so very much later Lord Byron was addressing letters here to Miss Milbanke, who was to become his wife. Richmond is evidently a very romantic place. There is a very considerable body of evidence to that effect: carved and scribbled *graffiti* on the walls within the keep. You will find here the names of men and women from all over the world. You will also find a positively astonishing number of pierced hearts.

If Richmond was anywhere on the Continent Englishmen would rave about it, the airlines would be running cheap trips, and the wholesale coach tours would have it on their itineraries. It is just six miles off the Great North Road, and for that very reason is quite unknown to the vast majority of Englishmen, to the motorists among them anyway. Americans, New Zealanders, Australians, Canadians, Frenchmen, Poles, judging by the *graffiti*, know Richmond. But not the English motorist. He has been too busy negotiating that dreadful hairpin at Catterick Bridge to bother about anything else.

A BALLET WHICH CAUSED A SENSATION IN FRANCE COMES TO LONDON: *Left*—Vladimir Skouratoff and Noelle Adam rehearse together in London for the Françoise Sagan ballet *The Broken Date* which was due to open at the Dominion Theatre on Tuesday last (February 18). *Right*—The two dancers practise another pose. The ballet, which is the English version of *Le Rendez-vous Manque*, created controversy in Monte Carlo, where it had its world premiere last month, and in Paris.

A SCENE OF SEDUCTION: The Young Man who is waiting in his studio for a meeting with the woman he loves before she leaves Paris is vamped by the blonde.

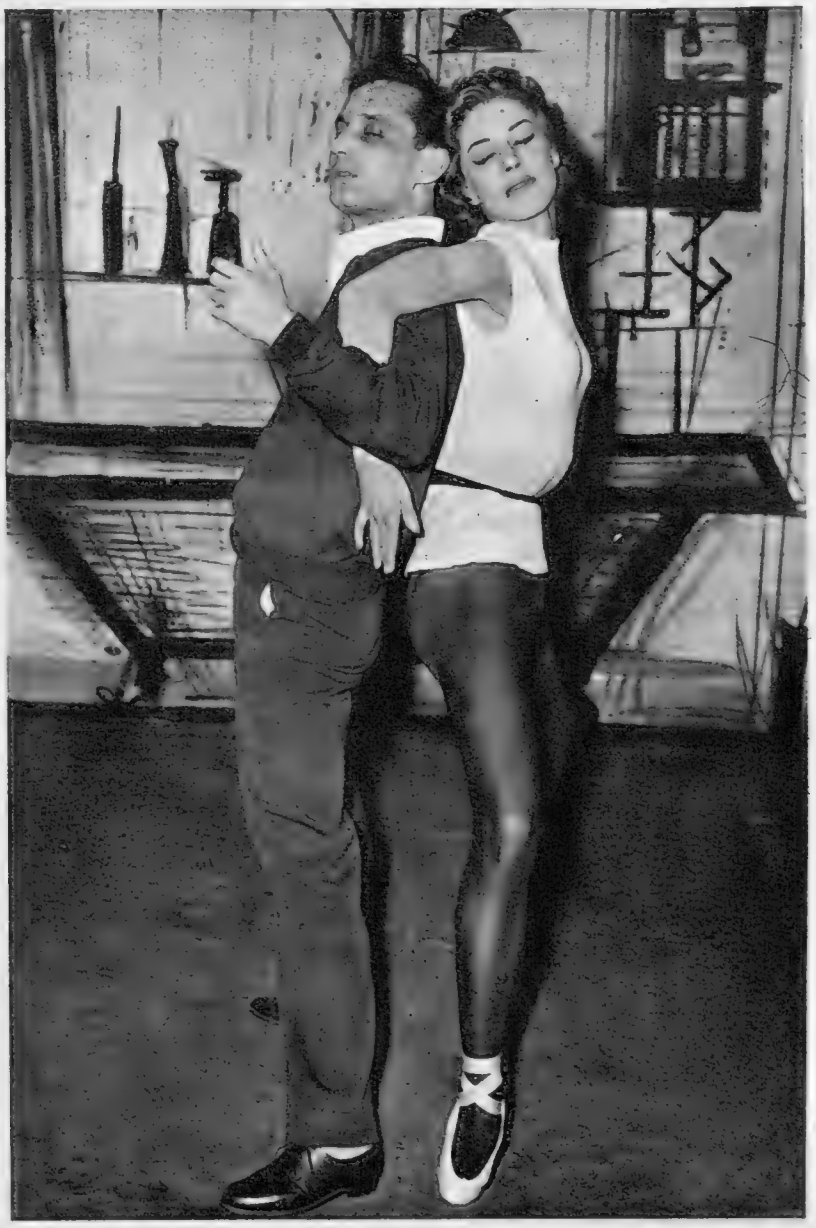
A CONTROVERSIAL BALLET IN LONDON

Françoise Sagan's "The Broken Date" at the Dominion Theatre

Few ballets can have suffered such embarrassing advance publicity as *The Broken Date*, which was due to open a four-week season at the Dominion Theatre in London last Tuesday, February 18. It was proclaimed as "shocking" and "daring," presumably by those who were not old enough to remember Nijinsky and *L'Après-midi d'un Faune*. Much was made of reports that in Monte Carlo, where as *Le Rendez-vous Manqué* it had its world premiere last month, objection had been taken to a bathroom scene. In Paris, where it moved from Monte Carlo, the ballet caused a rumpus in which moral and political outlooks had their parts, the tense feeling over Algeria being alleged to be at the root of it. A curious aspect of *The Broken Date* is that it is inevitably referred to as Françoise Sagan's ballet. Mlle. Sagan has achieved a reputation as a novelist, but besides a plot and general idea, a ballet requires choreographer, composer, producer and dancers—all concerned being of equal importance.

The story of *The Broken Date* cannot be described as sensational. A young man and a young married woman are in love in Paris. She is about to return to her husband in America. On the way to the airport she arranges a last-minute rendezvous with her lover in his studio. The young man waits, the date is broken, she does not turn up. Instead, a noisy party of friends arrive and throw a party. Tiring of even the blandishments of an alluring female, the coerced host throws the guests out. Left alone, he re-lives in his imagination the story of his love with the young woman—hardly an original ballet device—and when finally she does arrive, it is too late to save him from the tragedy of his despair. There is originality in the presentation—Roger Vadim is the producer—and an excellent *corps de ballet* is led by Vladimir Skouratoff and Toni Lander. It is presumably on the dancing that most serious balletomanes will form their individual judgment of *The Broken Date*.

RESPITE AND ACTION: In the foreground Noelle Adam sits on the steps and enjoys a cigarette at a time when she is off-stage during the rehearsal. Beyond are Vladimir Skouratoff and Toni Lander who dance the young man and the young woman in love with each other.

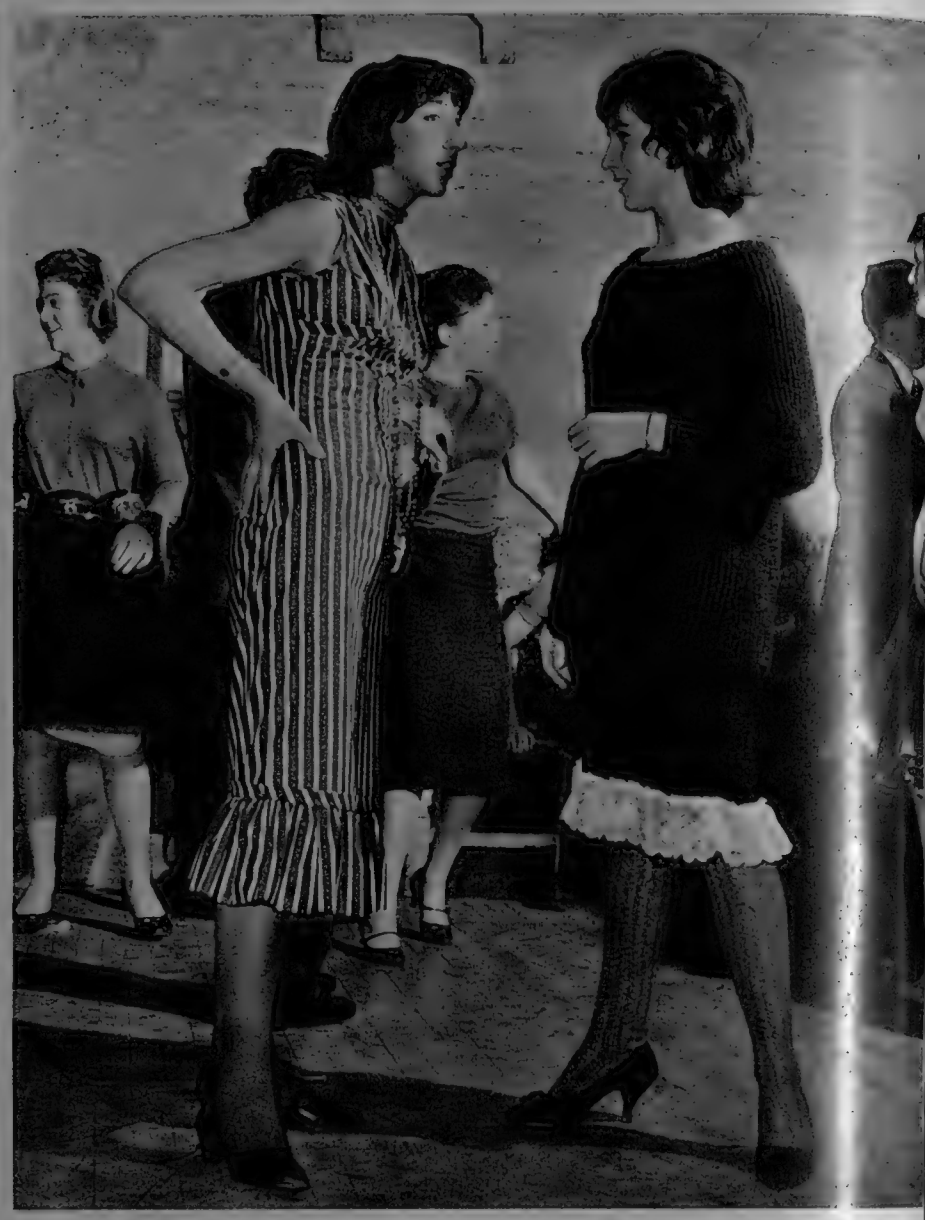


THE PRINCIPALS IN THE SAGAN BALLET: A close-up picture of the Russian Vladimir Skouratoff and Toni Lander, from Denmark. The music for *The Broken Date* is by Michel Magne and choreography is shared by John Taras and Don Lurio.

"THE WAY WE LIVE NOW"

A Fashion and a Craze Among the Present-Day Youth of London

WOULD GRANDMA HAVE APPROVED?: Dancing in a jazz club in London's Soho, eighteen-year-old Susan Christmas reveals check pantaloons, made by herself. Presumably the oldest generation would approve the down-to-the-knee style.



REVERSION TO THE 1920'S: The woollen stockings worn by Elizabeth Green (left) and Jane Cocu[illegible] are in the style favoured by the "flappers" of thirty years ago. Although the fashion is a[illegible] present confined to a comparatively few girls, most of them teenagers, it may soon spread

Trollope is often apt. His novel *The Way We Live Now*, which was published in 1875, dealt with certain trends of the times. The title is a suitable start for reflections upon some fashions among youth in London of 1958.

Elders and, proverbially, Betters usually adopt one of two attitudes towards young people in their 'teens or early twenties. Youth is proclaimed to be depraved and entirely without any sense of morals. Alternatively, young men and women are alleged to be lacking in spirit and failing to enjoy themselves in the full-blooded manner of previous generations of their age group.

Both opinions, though common, are false, for the simple reason that the behaviour of youth varies little from decade to decade. There is only one important sociological difference between to-day and a quarter of a century ago. In the 1930's the eccentricities of youth were confined to a small class, flourishing, for example, in the Universities, because the great mass of the population lived in poverty. The average boy or girl could not afford to purchase oats for wild dissemination. Now, the revolutionary rise in the standard of living permits almost every young person to express his or her individuality.

FRILLS AS WELL: The trimming of the bottom of the skirt above the stockings is also part of reversion to the fashion of a previous age.

A SECRET REVEALED: The black stockings stretch only slightly above the knee. They are being admired by sixteen-year-old Rosalind Gold, seated on the floor of the jazz club in Soho and smoking through a cigarette-holder

Jazz clubs in cellars appear to be a current rage in the West End of London. Stern fathers may frown upon their sons and daughters patronising them. But if the juniors have any acquaintance with history they will merely remark that papa's outlook is conditioned by his own experience. It was his generation, or perhaps grandpapa's, which started bottle-parties and gave the cellars of Soho a bad name. Any elderly person who visits a jazz club expecting the worst will be sadly disappointed and if he is honest admit to finding it all rather tame. The dances may not be very graceful—but let middle-aged critics recollect what their parents said about the Charleston and the Black Bottom. To-day's young people have a serious approach in their worship of Terpsichore which would have been unusual twenty or thirty years ago. The important thing is that they seem to be enjoying themselves.

Fashions in dress also may appear odd. Some of them, at any rate, are far from new. Teenage girls have reverted to a style of the "flappers" of the 1920's. Ribbed woollen stockings in red, yellow or black, and skirts trimmed with lace at the knee—they 're enough to stir any ageing parent's heart and make him loquacious with boring memories. Some girls even favour beneath their skirts check pantaloons of the type unseen since the days of grandmama. The start of any fashion is difficult to trace. It seems that these jazz club modes began in Italy, were taken up in Denmark and have now reached the environs of Piccadilly Circus. Whether woollen stockings will become a vogue beyond the West End of London is a matter outside a teenager's comprehension. It will depend upon trade considerations and advertising.

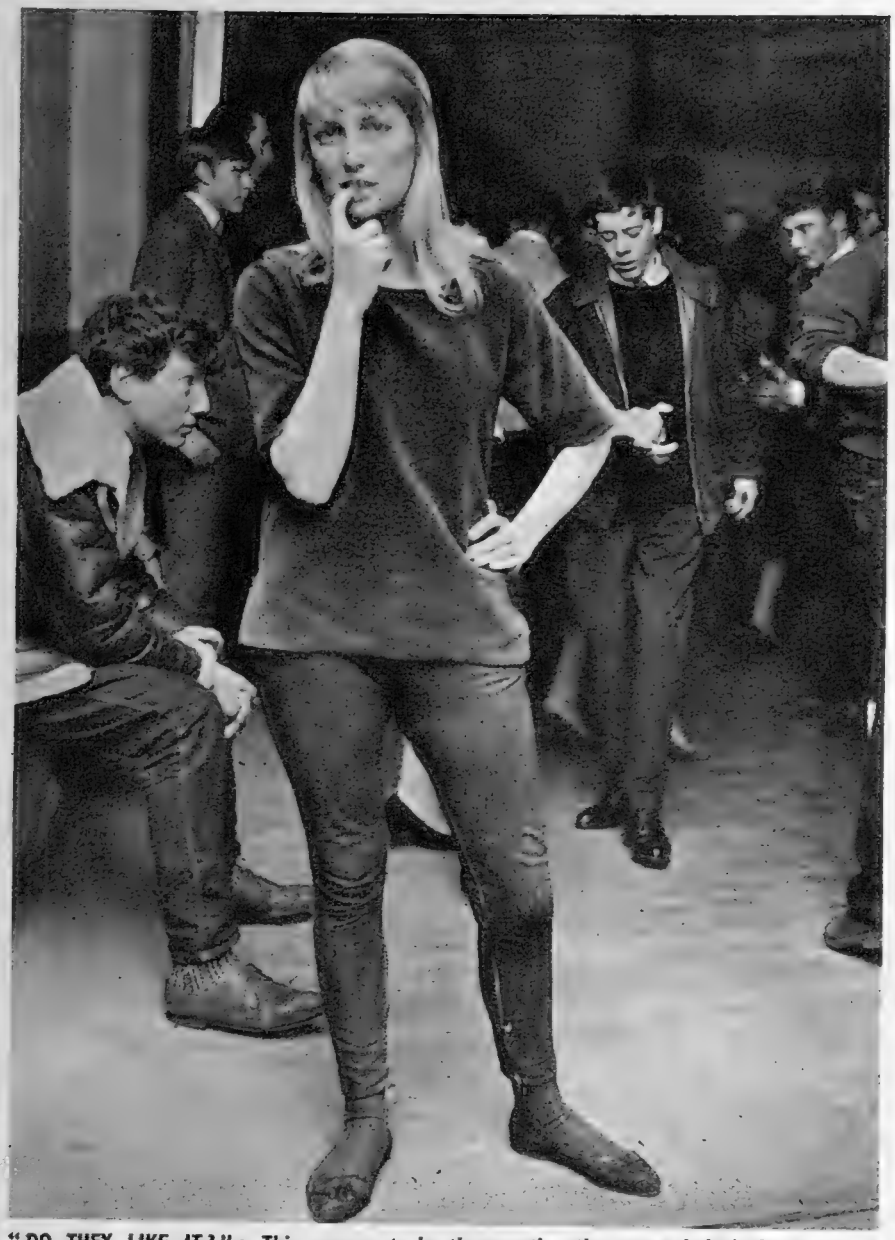
Jazz clubs are one aspect of the interest of the younger generation. Much more widespread is the fashion for disc collecting. ("Discs," for the uninitiated, are what used to be called gramophone records.) Dealers in London and elsewhere report a great increase in sales of records to youngsters. This collecting requires considerable mon[illegible] from the purchasers. But if parents are well off in th[illegible] present economics-obsessed community, which has falle[illegible] into the fallacy of confusing money with wealth, wh[illegible] should not the children have their share of the fun?

Some may be scandalised by the pictures on the[illegible] pages. Let them take comfort from the truism th[illegible] fashions change. In fifty years' time these pictures whic[illegible] now seem shocking will almost certainly be looked upo[illegible] with nostalgia. They may reappear in a Christma[illegible] Number of THE SPHERE. And, who knows, the B.B.C[illegible] Third Programme may be giving learned dissertation[illegible] with musical illustrations upon Mr. Sinatra and M[illegible] Presley. "The Way We Live" is much the same[illegible] yesterday, to-day or to-morrow.

A PATTERN OF OVER A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO: Joyce Fearon, who lives in Mile End, in the East End of London, made the dress herself. The current fashion for woollen stockings is said to have started in Italy and then spread to Denmark. It has now gained a hold on the young women who patronise the West End jazz clubs. It has yet to be discovered whether the mode for sitting on the floor in such establishments is due to lack of chairs or in accordance with the precepts of one of the Yogic practices.

On right—

A MEMBER OF A "DISC-CRAZY" GENERATION: Joan Brazier, aged twenty, of Battersea, sits in a mood of entrancement as she listens to the playing of a record in one of the big stores in the West End of London.



"DO THEY LIKE IT?": This appears to be the question the young lady in her outfit of jeans is waiting to have answered. It may be wondered whether the fashion in reefer jackets, favoured by the youth sitting behind, is inspired by current Antarctic exploration.

A WORLD-RENOWNED VOICE: Holding the cover of the disc, Sally Martin hears the voice of Frank Sinatra, probably one of the most popular singers in the world of to-day. London shops report an enormous increase in the buying of records by young people.

ONE OF A FAN CLUB: Patricia Bryant hugs an Elvis Presley record. Aged seventeen, she comes from Islington and is a member of the Elvis Presley Fan Club. She buys several records each year, to add to her collection. Most are of Mr. Presley's voice.

FLOODWATERS OF THE ZAMBEZI RIVER THREATEN CENTRAL AFRICA'S POWER PROJECT: A general view of the coffer-dam in the Kariba Gorge of Rhodesia, showing the waters of the Zambezi River swirling round the structure and rising perilously near the top. The overhead cable railway is for transporting concrete from the hillsides to the coffer-dam, which forms part of the hydro-electric scheme.

ANXIETY IN KARIBA GORGE

Floodwaters May Halt Work on the Great Engineering Project in Central Africa

The floodwaters of the Zambezi River, surging up to within a few feet of the top of the upstream wall of the enormous circular coffer-dam on the site of the great hydro-electric scheme in the Kariba Gorge of Rhodesia, are seriously threatening to bring to a standstill all plans for continuing work there throughout the rainy season. Great floods from the Barotse Plains, far above the Victoria Falls hundreds of miles away, have caused this trouble at Kariba Gorge for two years in succession. If the floods do manage to break over the wall of the coffer-dam, all progress on the main dam wall inside it will have to be abandoned until the level subsides and the water can be pumped out. In an endeavour to prevent this occurring, all workers and officials on the site are striving unceasingly to strengthen the walls of the coffer-dam with sandbags and other materials. This work has been considerably hindered as a result of one of the great piles carrying the road-bridge being swept away by the floods. The only means of transit between each bank is by means of this bridge and the overhead cable railway.

The purpose of the dam is to create a vast artificial lake or reservoir, 150 miles in length and covering an area of 1,600 sq. miles. When completed it will balance the flow of the Zambezi throughout the seasons, so that an even output of power can be achieved. Water will pass from the reservoir to two underground power stations sunk in the walls of the Gorge on each bank, after which it will flow back to the river below the dam.

A RIVER IN ALL ITS FURY: The waters of the Zambezi pour over the diversion channel between the blocks of the main dam wall. The river, which is in flood throughout its entire length, has risen well above last year's record level. Men are working continuously to reinforce the walls of the coffer-dam.

COMPUTERS IN THE BUSINESS WORLD

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

"ALL but a tiny fraction of the computers in business to-day are being used to do what was done equally well and, in many cases, for far less cost by punched card machines. This is an almost unequalled example of sheer waste of a great business resource. It is something like as wasteful as mining a whole mountain of iron and then throwing away all but the low-grade ore."

Mr. John Diebold, the thirty-one-year-old American whose endless talking and writing on the subject have won him the nickname of "the elder statesman of automation," was describing computers in American business—to a British audience—when he made this half-despondent remark. There are more than a thousand electronic computers in use in American companies to-day. In the whole of Britain's business, universities, and research establishments there are probably no more than fifty. Fewer than ten companies can be said to be using computers regularly for practical business operations, as against research calculations, though there are probably many more than this now on order for business customers.

And Mr. Diebold's remark about the extent to which these computers' remarkable powers are really utilised would be nearly as true of British as of American users. Perhaps not quite. British businessmen, until very recently, have been harder to convince that a computer would really be worth having; and those who have decided to buy have been perhaps more determined to make sure that it is.

It is easy to be cynical about fashions in management. There is no doubt that fashion has played its part in American business acceptance of the computer as something no self-respecting company should be without. During the last eighteen months, there were signs that the same touch of *snobisme*—what was once called "keeping up with the Robot-Joneses"—was having its influence upon the ordering of these impressive pieces of hardware for British offices. But this may well have its value in the long run. Any company's approach to the use of a computer at the outset must encounter something of a logical impasse. Until not merely the people immediately responsible, but the whole of top management, gains some familiarity with what these machines can do, the company is unlikely to be able to realise how much use the computer can really be.

That logical impasse may be by-passed by consultancy; by training in advance of some of the people whose general spheres of operation seem likely eventually to benefit most; by effective technical salesmanship from the computer manufacturer. It may still, reasonably, be assisted by fashion. But it is almost certain to involve, to some extent at least, an act of faith in backing one's hunch. That is what top management is for.

What management is offered in the computer is a machine that can assimilate, store and recall information in vast amounts; can automatically carry out a variety of arithmetical operations on numbers of up to ten or so digits (add, subtract, multiply and divide, calculate square roots and some other mathematical functions); do some logical operations (including choosing among alternatives according to predetermined criteria); and offer the results in various ways (usually by some form of printing, occasionally in operating control mechanisms on a production machine).

It is not infallible—but it is about as accurate as a book-keeper who, in adding up numbers all his working hours, makes about four mistakes a year, and it can check its own calculations. All that it can do it does at an extraordinarily fast rate. What the computer cannot do is to carry out mathematical or logical operations for which it has not been programmed, or choose particular alternatives for which it has not been prepared in advance. It cannot efficiently do non-recurring jobs, because "programming" it for a few minutes' calculation can take weeks, so that few "once only" jobs are worth the effort. Few computers can sort out information with any respectable efficiency, because their mechanical approach to the job is to go through the whole list time and time again. (It is sometimes said that even the dullest human being could find a number in the London telephone directory faster than most digital computers.)

What managers usually first think of doing with this roomful of impressive but baffling machinery, looking usually rather like a stack of filing cabinets grouped round the console of a cinema organ, is to let it do their payroll. For such an operation it will be necessary to store in the computer's "memory" (which may be punched cards, punched or magnetic tape, a magnetic drum, or other forms of information storage) records of all employees' rates of pay and rates of P.A.Y.E. income tax. One then puts into the computer (usually on punched tape or cards) details of the time worked for the week in question, of the kinds of job if piece-rates are involved, and of any changes affecting the tax liability of each employee. The computer applies the new information about each one to what it "knows" already, arrives at the pay and tax due, and prints out the payslip.

That is a workaday job, which can be handled perfectly well though much more slowly by pay clerks, with or without conventional machine accounting. The savings are impressive mainly in time rather than in people. Many companies in the United States have their payrolls done by computer, and we have the evidence of Mr. Diebold that there are very few computers there that "even vaguely begin to pay for themselves in terms of labour savings." Yet the prospect of labour savings on payroll work for very big concerns may well be enough to tip the balance of decision towards having a computer. This has been the case, for example, in some British companies and government departments. And if bread-and-butter jobs such as the payroll can be shown to cover most of the overheads and running costs, a firm's accountants will be readier to stomach the cost of the computer in the first case.

That initial cost is fairly high for most medium-sized companies, though it has come down as the makers have turned their eyes from the prodigious requirements of some defence research departments, with public money and little pressure to count the costs, to those of ordinary commerce. Leo, the "electronic office" built by J. Lyons Ltd., costs half a million to buy or more than £100,000 a year to rent. A Ferranti "Pegasus" costs about £45,000, but with ancillary equipment the whole installation might run to £100,000. English Electric's "Deuce," a medium-sized machine, costs about £43,000. The small Elliott Brothers "402" costs about £25,000-£35,000: the same company's bigger "405" roughly £50,000. These are general-purpose digital computers. Electronic calculators that have little memory capacity built in but can do jobs such as stores control and electricity billing may be had rather more cheaply. For complex but relatively unchanging jobs of calculation or production control, it may be cheaper to have a single-purpose machine built from standard units.

What are the more ambitious jobs a computer could do? There are involved calculations about making the best use of a factory-full of machines on a variety of jobs. There are numerical instructions for specialised machining jobs and there could be the "supervision" of complex chemical processes metered and controlled by separate instruments and controls dealing with variables, all of which inter-act. Even within management, the computer might take over some simple decisions that are entirely quantitative: e.g., to buy or stop buying at a given price or level of stocks. It is fair to say that most of management's jobs deal with more complex and less measurable variables than that, and involve judgment the computer cannot match. It might be possible, indeed, to devise and "programme" a computer that would take account not only of alternative prices and tonnages, but of the temper and psychology of the man bargaining with you across the table. But so far, human brains are more flexible, intuitive, and cheaper.

EUROPE'S MOST POWERFUL "ELECTRONIC BRAIN": The two pictures reproduced above are of the English Electric Company's "Deuce" computer, of which there are thirteen operational machines in England and a fourteenth working in the New South Wales College of Technology. Three "Deuce" computers centred in London and Stafford are used on a time hire basis for programmes in research, design and development in engineering, aerodynamics and nuclear power, as well as statistical work.

THE FERRANTI "PEGASUS" COMPUTER: It is installed at the Ferranti London Computer Centre at 21, Portland Place, W.1. The "Pegasus" is a medium-sized, multi-purpose machine intended for wide application in industry, science, commerce and administration. All operations of the machine are controlled from the desk. Information is fed in on punched paper tape by the two Ferranti high-speed tape-readers on the left and results are printed by the teleprinter on the right.

TRENT AND MERSEY CANAL DEVIATION: Men are at work on the construction of concrete walls to protect the Trent and Mersey Canal diversion against brine subsidence. The diversion is being carried out by British Transport Waterways at Marston, near Northwich, in Cheshire, in order to avoid the increasing danger of a breach of the canal through nearby abandoned salt-mine shafts.

A NEW DIVERSIONARY CHANNEL: The right-hand side of the picture above shows the 1,600-ft.-long diversionary channel which has been constructed by British Transport Waterways at Sutton, near Northwich, on the Weaver Navigation, to avoid the disused Sutton locks. These can be seen on the left of the picture. The work forms part of a very extensive development programme for the Weaver Navigation.

CUTTING A NEW CANAL SECTION IN CHESHIRE

A diversion of the Trent and Mersey Canal is at present being carried out by British Transport Waterways at Marston, near Northwich (Cheshire), in order to avoid the danger of a breach of the canal through nearby abandoned salt-mine shafts. The diversion is about 650 yards long and 55 ft. wide, and is a completely new section of canal. Marston is on the main line of the Trent and Mersey Canal between Anderton and Middlewich, a section which carries about 60,000 tons of traffic annually between the Mersey ports (including Manchester) and the Potteries and the Midlands.

The old mine-shafts were sunk many years ago for digging rock salt. Since the workings were abandoned in 1928, one of four shafts only a few yards away from the canal bank and sunk 300 ft. to the excavations below has been severely affected by salt solution. This has resulted in a collapse of the brick lining and an enlargement of the underground cavity. Despite the tipping of thousands of tons of material to try and block the shaft, it has dropped about 10 ft. since 1928 and the collapses have become more frequent and more extensive in the last few years.

The edge of the growing crater where the shaft reaches the surface is now so near the canal that it presents a real risk to the canal bank. A careful examination of that section of the Trent and Mersey revealed that the danger was likely to increase and that further tippings of material would not save the situation. It was therefore decided that a diversion of the canal was the only effective remedy. The new route will be subject to the normal brine subsidence of the area and to provide against this the walls are being constructed in concrete 2 ft. thick and extending 3 ft. below water.

The total cost, including purchase of land, will be in the region of £30,000. The contractors are Messrs. George Dew and Co. Ltd., of Oldham, who are doing the work under the general supervision of Mr. E. W. Ratcliffe, the North-Western Divisional Engineer, British Transport Waterways.

ANOTHER STAGE IN THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE TRENT AND MERSEY CANAL DIVERSION: A clay puddling is being formed by workmen behind the concrete walling to act as an additional reinforcement against brine subsidence along the new section of the canal in Cheshire.

VIGOROUS RECOVERY AT THE COVENTRY FACTORY OF JAGUAR CARS LTD.

Just over a year ago, on February 12, when fire laid derelict nearly a quarter of Jaguar's 1,000,000-sq.-ft. factory, it seemed that a deadly blow had been aimed from which recovery would be slow and painful. However, the vigour with which the company attacked the task of rehabilitation can be judged from the two pictures above. The view, *above, left*, shows a newly completed corner of the main stores which was completely wiped out as a result of the fire. All that is needed for the completion of this section are the new racks and bins. The view, *above, right*, shows some of the world-famous Jaguar vehicles on the assembly line in the new factory.

Although considerably below target, production in the year 1957 nevertheless broke all previous records, both for Home and Export deliveries, and the present output is twice as great as it was before the fire. Even so, an unprecedented demand has resulted in lengthening delivery dates, but this situation is undergoing considerable improvement as the last items of restoration near completion. When attained, they will enable production to be raised still further. Despite the amazing extent of the recovery made from the disaster, Jaguar suffered heavily in a direction where they had long reigned supreme as Britain's top dollar-earner—the United States of America. At the time of the conflagration, everything was in readiness for the production of new XK models to supersede the line of sports cars which formed the backbone of Jaguar's trade in America. In a few short hours all the patterns, tools and jigs for these models were completely destroyed.

A 145-FT.-DIAMETER KAISER ALUMINIUM DOME IN KANSAS: It will be used for an industrial plant by the Fi Fo Construction Company. Two balloons were used as a scaffolding device to raise and support the dome's shell as it was bolted together. Translucent plastic sheeting was used to close in the base.

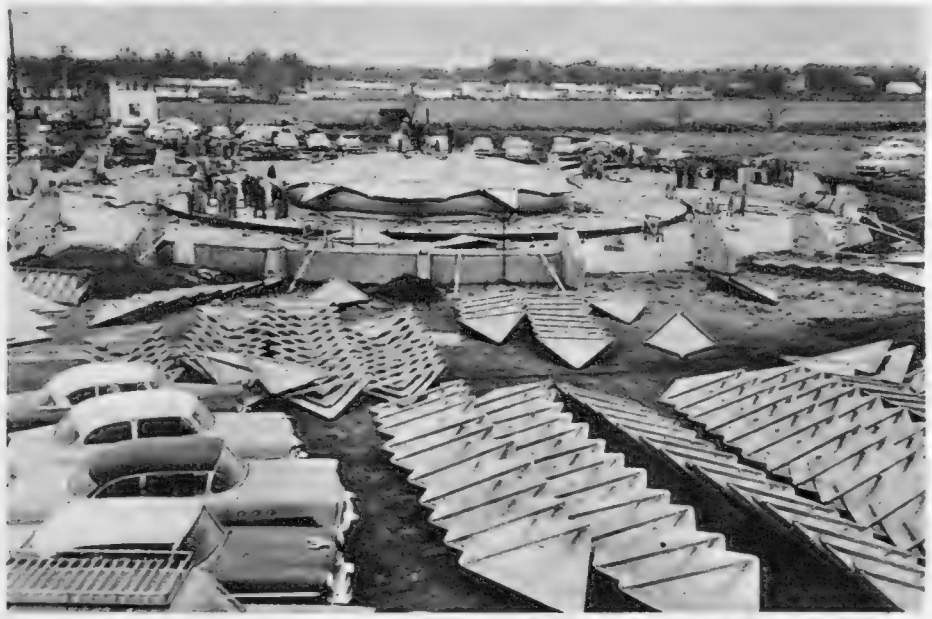
A UNIQUE DOME

A considerable amount of interest was aroused in American business circles recently when a 145-ft.-diameter Kaiser aluminium dome factory building was completed in only twenty-two working hours by a team of thirty-eight men at Abilene, Kansas, with a unique method of construction whereby two balloons were used as a supporting scaffolding and elevating device.

The two balloons raised the dome five storeys high on to piers which were between 3 and 6 ft. off the ground and which formed the anchoring foundation of the big aluminium building.

It was the first time balloons have been used for the construction of a metal fabricated building, but the majority of the engineers who witnessed the unique assembly are confident the method can be used successfully again to erect dome structures in even less time. The method made it possible to fasten the aluminium panels, which compose the dome's shell, together over the balloons and then raise them to successively higher elevations as other panels increased the diameter of the structure.

The 16,500-sq.-ft. building at Abilene is the first stressed-skin aluminium dome industrial plant in the world when fully equipped, and is the fourth Kaiser aluminium dome to have been built since the first of this year. It was erected by the Fi Fo Construction Company, to house production facilities for a manufacturer of pneumatic conveyer equipment. Both companies are divisions of the Vacu-Blast Company, Inc., of Belmont, California.



TWO STAGES IN CONSTRUCTION: *Above, left*—A test inflation of the two balloons used to raise the dome shows them fully inflated to a height of 54 ft. on the concrete slab floor for the dome structure. The large balloon forms a nest for the smaller balloon at the top. Both balloons are anchored by cables running from channel bars at the sides to eye bolts in the concrete. *Above, right*—Aluminium panels are bolted together on top of the small balloon around a 10-ft. steel mast.

The balloons were designed and manufactured by Industrial Covers, Inc., San Francisco, California, of 4,300 sq. yards of nylon material coated with Hypalon, a synthetic rubber manufactured by duPont. The smaller of the two balloons had a 50-ft. diameter and stood 24 ft. high when fully inflated.

It was rigged to lie under the exact centre of the dome shell and in a nest on top of the second and larger balloon. This balloon had a 95-ft.-diameter and stood 46 ft. high when fully inflated. Both balloons were rigged with cables running from eye bolts in the concrete floor to steel channel bars tied around the sides of the balloons. Grip hoists were used to control the tension on the cables. A 96-ft.-tall portable steel mast was used to support and raise the other Kaiser aluminium domes.

On left—
ADDING THE FINAL PANELS: The final panels, which anchor the Kaiser aluminium dome securely on concrete piers, are being added in this view of the dome's exterior at Abilene, in Kansas. It took a team of thirty-eight men twenty-two working hours to complete the structure. After the panels were attached and inspected by a team of experts, the balloons were deflated and finally removed.

The World of Books

IN THE AIR AND ON THE SEA

Two Fine Books on Wartime Epics ; The Significance of Titoism ; Spain During and After the Civil War ; A Great Scientist's Autobiography ; Miscarriage of Justice

IT is natural enough that the magnificent flying exploits during the last world war should be more vividly remembered than the feats of their predecessors but, measured in terms of initiative and fantastic courage, the flyers of World War I still deserve their own high place in history. Mr. Quentin Reynolds, writer and newspaperman, who proved himself a great friend of this country during the more recent war, has chronicled some of the doings of English, French, American and German "aces" in the 1914-18 War. He has also written about the types of aircraft in which they fought their battles.

THEY FOUGHT FOR THE SKY (Cassell. 21s.) would be an admirable memorial to the men who flew and to the hundreds who died in the air during those years. In fact, it is more than that: a tense and tremendously exciting history of this aspect of aviation and a book so readable that even the most earth-bound will scarcely be able to put it down. By now it is a truism that a training in journalism makes an excellent training for the kind of writing which has to be based on accurate research and needs the meticulous checking of facts. Mr. Reynolds has this scrupulous sense of duty to the past and to the unembroidered truth and his book is the richer for it. As the young would say, I found it of riveting interest and it is precisely the young people who I hope will read it, to learn about Billy Bishop, the Canadian V.C. with seventy-two victories to his credit, Mick Mannock, V.C., with the top score of seventy-three, the cheerful little Frenchman, René Fonck, with his polished cavalry boots and his rows of medals, and that other great French pilot, Charles Nungesser, who was wounded seventeen times but survived the war.

The fifty or more illustrations from contemporary photographs round out this splendid record, written with the vigour and dignity that it deserves.

73 NORTH (Weidenfeld and Nicolson. 21s.) is by the naval historian, Mr. Dudley Pope, and is the story of that naval action which, in Winston Churchill's words, "led directly to a crisis in the enemy's naval policy and ended the dream of another German High Seas Fleet." This was the Battle of the Barents Sea, in which Captain St. Vincent Sherbrooke was in command of a convoy going to Russia by the Arctic route and in mid-winter. His force included four small destroyers and the convoy itself of fourteen merchant ships. Almost as bitter an enemy as the German Navy was the savage cold and the tremendous seas. When the Germans attacked it was after an Arctic storm which had sheeted the ships completely in thick ice. The enemy force consisted of two battleships and six large destroyers and their orders were nothing less than to annihilate the convoy.

What happened was dramatically different. Captain Sherbrooke, who was blinded in this action and later awarded the V.C., swung his force directly into the attack and, by supreme seamanship, by protecting the merchant ships by smokescreens and by sheer audacity, beat off the attack, and saved every merchantman in the convoy. It was as a result of this fight that Hitler, not a fortnight later, ordered the destruction of the whole German surface fleet, then composed of three battleships, two pocket battleships, three battle cruisers and six cruisers. Admiral Raeder, the creator of the Nazi Navy, resigned in protest.

This again is an inspiring book for young men and young women to read as well as those of the middle-aged who first read of the action in their newspapers fifteen years ago.

The author of a charming autobiography this week has been for many years a naval officer and, more recently, a novelist and an architect. From the present book, which he has based on the diaries of forty years, I would judge that he is also a good family man, a reliable friend, a bad driver and, without the slightest doubt, a man with a bubbling sense of humour and a fine sense of proportion. BID TIME RETURN (Chatto and Windus. 21s.) is one of those modest books which are all the more effective for being unsensational. Mr. Humphrey Pakington, even when he is concerned with such matters as the Battle of the Falkland Islands, in which he served as Flag Lieutenant to Admiral Stoddart, or his long spell of duty at Western Approaches in the last war, writes with a simplicity and a good sense that more pretentious stylists could well copy. His wartime campaign for Pure English in Admiralty memoranda is an illustration of this.

In the realm of the family, for even multiple activities are the better for a sound domestic base, Mr. Pakington has an endearing last word. Sitting at breakfast one morning with his little granddaughter he observed her gaze fixed on him and asked benignly what he could do for her. Whereupon the tot piped up, in her sweet treble voice, "Grandfathers are usually dead, aren't they?" I am happy to report that this particular grandchild was 100 per cent. wrong.

THE TRIUMPHANT HERETIC (Heinemann. 30s.) is a translation from Ernst Halperin's original German study of Marshal Tito's struggle against Stalin. At this moment in time and history, Tito is a man who could be said to have played a long, long poker game with the Soviet Union. If he hasn't come out on the winning side he is at least still sitting at the same table on competitive terms. Mr. Halperin's point in this recital of Tito's career from partisan days to dictatorship, is whether a kind of National Communism is possible. He examines the evidence, as it is presented by Yugoslavia—which is to say by Tito—in the past twelve years and comes to some interesting conclusions of which his last is probably the most telling.

AUSTRALIAN SINGERS AT LONDON'S ROYAL OPERA: In the recent production of *Rigoletto* at Covent Garden the leading singers were, from the left, Albert Lance (The Duke), Joan Sutherland (Gilda) and John Shaw (Rigoletto). All come from Australia. The last performance of this opera during the current season was due to be given last night, February 21. Miss Sutherland is, of course, a long-established favourite with Covent Garden audiences. Both Mr. Lance and Shaw were making their debut at the Royal Opera House in London and both received high praise from the critics.

Discussing Tito's two mistakes, as he sees them, of taking a stand against the innovator, Djilas, in his own party and thereby condemning it to stagnation, and in the second place of coming to terms with the Stalinist Gero, the author sums up: "Both mistakes stem from the same root: an underestimation of the people, and an overestimation of the State apparatus."

Mr. Herbert L. Matthews has been a reporter on the *New York Times*, which some cosmopolitan critics regard as the best newspaper in the world, and subsequently on the editorial board, over a period of twenty-five years. His eminence as a pressman can hardly be questioned. He was also the war correspondent for that paper during the Spanish Civil War and his new book, THE YOKE AND THE ARROWS (Heinemann. 18s.), is a reassessment of that conflict and an account of what has happened in Spain during the nineteen years since the termination of that unhappy conflict.

A book of this kind always has to fill two requirements to be satisfying. One is that the author has a wide enough knowledge of the field of discussion—or, in other words, knows what he is talking about. The other is that he is able to convey his information to the reader without either confusing him or persuading him that the book has been conceived in obvious prejudice for one side or the other.

It is difficult to fill the bill in the case of such a civil war as this, but Mr. Matthews comes close to it and, in the process, has added immeasurably to our understanding of the political difficulties in Spain. Of course, there are strictly undiplomatic occasions in which he writes such uncompromising sentences as: "Generalissimo Franco shares with most modern dictators a complete ignorance of economics and finance," but opinion will out and Mr. Matthews is, in the true, non-political meaning of the word, a liberal. He also writes with great lucidity.

PRINCIPLES AND PERSUASIONS (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 21s.) is the title of a book of literary essays by Mr. Anthony West who writes for *The New Yorker* magazine in which all this work first appeared although, in some instances, with slight alterations. Mr. West ranges widely in his subjects and is as entertaining, as acute and often as biased when he is discussing the work and influence of Mauriac as the publications and character of Harriette Wilson. Highly enjoyable, provocative and, above all, intelligent.

MY LIFE WITH THE MICROBES (Robert Hale. 21s.) is the autobiography of a recent Nobel Prize winner, Dr. Selman A. Waksman, the discoverer of streptomycin which has been the first antibiotic effective against the scourge of tuberculosis. Now the Director of Microbiology in an American university, Dr. Waksman traces the seventy years he has lived so far, from his birth in a small town in the boundless steppes of the western Ukraine, through his gradual appreciation of chronic ills and organic cures to his present situation. This is the tale of his medical career, more than his private life but, since he is a scientist dedicated to the improvement of the human lot, his life-story has mainly been the story of his research, experiment and successes.

Most ordinary, honest people in a democratic country such as our own are fundamentally affected if they hear news about a miscarriage of justice. This is something that is held to be intolerable, a wrong that must be righted as soon as humanly and legally possible. The American judge in the U.S. Court of Appeals, Jerome Frank, had the same instinct and a legal experience to back it. Before his death a year ago he had planned and partly achieved a book, NOT GUILTY (Gollancz. 18s.), in the course of which thirty-six comparatively recent cases were discussed; cases in which the wrong man was convicted. Judge Frank's daughter, Miss Barbara Frank, has completed the book and, in his foreword, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas has written: "An insistence on fair procedure is the great truth by which Jerome Frank lived."

Vernon Fane

THE BOER WAR

A Great Controversy Re-examined

Few conflicts have thrown up such a tide of feeling as the Anglo-Boer War. The spectacle of a wealthy industrial and maritime nation defied by two pastoral republics in the heart of Africa was bound to arouse strong sympathies. The far from clear motives of the paramount power, on the one hand, and the utter intractability of the Republican leaders, on the other, added to the difficulties of the situation. After two-and-a-half years of bitter war, in which the blunders of British generals were rendered all the more serious by the lightning skill of the Boer commanders, the republics of the Transvaal and the Orange Free State made their dignified exit with Botha, de la Rey, Smuts, Hertzog and old de Wet preparing, each in his own way, to carve for the new nation a new sort of independence. Peter Gibbs has taken this highly dramatic interlude in history in DEATH OF THE LAST REPUBLIC (Muller. 25s.). In his assessments he is vigorous and clear-cut, and if he is aggressive towards Kitchener, whose methods of wearing down guerilla resistance were often ruthless, and shows Buller up as a courageous dunderhead, one can only conclude that he has examined the known facts with scrupulous care. The book is obviously the result of wide reading and careful research.

If Field-Marshal the Duke of Cambridge and Sir Garnet Wolseley had not been afraid of French soldiers disguised as excursionists irrupting on to English soil with drawn sabres and hideous Gallic oaths upon their lips, it might well have been that the Channel Tunnel would have been completed in the 1880's. Queen Victoria and Prince Albert had blessed the project, both Gladstone and Disraeli had considered it at Cabinet level during their administrations, and fanatics on both sides of the Channel had been working for its fulfilment. It was not to be, however, and this grand conception, born in the era of stage-coaches and the age of Napoleon Bonaparte, still exercises the minds of politicians and engineers, not to say financiers who, in very recent months, have sponsored active dealings in the tunnel shares. Humphrey Slater and Correlli Barnett have collaborated brilliantly in telling the story of THE CHANNEL TUNNEL (Allan Wingate. 21s.). Theirs is a thorough but most readable survey, full of geographical facts and historic incident.

Daniel Williams was a Negro slave on a Georgian plantation when emancipation thrust him out into the bewildering world of freedom. How he made use of that freedom Peter Freuchen, the Danish explorer and author, tells us in an enthralling volume which has its setting in the Canadian Northland where the deeply religious Williams, bible and gun in hand, found his freedom in the service of the Hudson's Bay Company. THE LEGEND OF DANIEL WILLIAMS (Robert Hale. 16s.) is an outstanding story culled from the fragmentary records of the Arctic. Some said that Nigger Dan, as they called him, was a notorious outlaw, and this was the verdict of the court at Fort Saskatchewan, where he was hanged in 1880. Peter Freuchen, however,

A RECORD OF AUSTRALIA

Compendious is perhaps the best word to apply to THIS IS AUSTRALIA (Angus and Robertson. 50s.). It has been edited and produced by Oswald L. Ziegler with the collaboration of several State Governments and a number of Commonwealth Government Departments. There is a profusion of pictures (some in colour), sketches, maps and diagrams. The purpose of the book is to present Australia in all its aspects and this makes it an ambitious and worthwhile project. Anyone who digests all the information should be able to answer even an advanced quiz about the Land of the Southern Cross. The opening sections are historical, dealing with the Aborigines (with colour reproductions of their rock paintings among the illustrations), and pass, via the explorations of Dampier and Cook, to the arrival

SOUTH PACIFIC PLAYGROUND: Aspects of Manly, near Sydney, with its sunny beaches and its opportunities for sport and relaxation on and off the sea. This is a reproduction of a page in the book reviewed here.

of the first white settlers and the early penal settlements. In the nineteenth century the development of the country was rapid and the individual states evolved and grew towards the Federal Constitution of 1901. That really marks the opening of the period of Modern Australia.

There must be very few, if any, sides of life in the great continent about which Mr. Ziegler does not inform the reader. The towns and the outback, public buildings, homes, hospitals, broadcasting, even shopping—all are given their sections. The climate enables the Australians to enjoy a wide variety of sport and one has little difficulty in understanding how it is that a population comparatively small in numbers is able to excel in so many international contests. Some of the most interesting sections are concerned with industry. Australia possesses much raw material and has established an abundance of industrial plants. The potential for the future seems to be almost unlimited and the present policy of immigration means that the greater prosperity to come should be shared by new Australians arriving from many different parts of Europe. As Mr. Menzies, the Prime Minister, writes in a foreword, the years ahead should still be adventurous.

C. D.

puts Dan's whole career in much fairer perspective, and describes the climax of it with skill and understanding.

Gordon Cooper (and what reader of THE SPHERE has not enjoyed the contributions of that irrepressible rolling stone ?) has now set about an autobiography. He calls it LIFE 'S A SHORT SUMMER (Jarrolds. 21s.). But what an innings Mr. Cooper has had, visiting most of the famed places of the world from the Grand Canyon of Colorado to the Great Wall of China. What a variety of jobs he has done from oilseed baling to film production, gold mining and editing his own magazine. This is no mere tale of wanderlust and adventure; Mr. Cooper writes well and discerningly. In his life he has obviously learnt many lessons and achieved what are to him a very real set of values.

Irving Wallace's THE SQUARE PEGS (Hutchinson. 21s.) is a delightful frolic. The theme is " some characters who dared to be different." In his collection Mr. Wallace has included Victoria Woodhull, the free-lover who ran for President, Joshua Norton, the self-appointed Emperor of the United States and Protector of Mexico, and, not least, John Cleves Symmes, who planned an expedition into the interior of the world through holes in the North and South Poles. Now read on.

THE CASSELL MISCELLANY (Cassell. 30s.) is a massive symposium of nearly 900 pages, selections from a hundred years of work by this important publishing house. The field is wide and the reading is excellent from the Emperor Napoleon III to Miss Eartha Kitt, of South Carolina. This is a real bargain in publishing, a bedside- and fireside-book *par excellence*.

R. C. E.

"A TOUCH OF THE SUN": In a scene from the new play at the Saville Theatre, in London, are, from left: Philip Lester, played by Michael Redgrave; Caroline Lester (Vanessa Redgrave, who is Michael Redgrave's daughter off the stage as well as on it); Mary Lester (Diana Wynyard); Margaret Lester (Louise Allbritton); Robert Lester (Ronald Squire); John Lester (Dinsdale Landon) and Denis Lester (Anthony Oliver). The plot of the play concerns the schoolmaster, Philip Lester. He feels he has a vocation for his profession and that money is unimportant, although he is not at all well off and his wife often has to scrape along on next to nothing. The great change comes when the Lester family are invited by a rich relative to the French Riviera. Philip, to his horror, feels the lure of riches and envy for those with money.

FACING THE PROBLEM: Philip Lester with his wife Mary and brother Denis after the family returns from the Riviera. The priggish schoolmaster is now prepared to admit the attraction of money. This honesty means that his wife, who has been threatening to leave him, is now prepared to stay. *A Touch of the Sun* is written by N. C. Hunter and is produced by Frith Banbury.

THE LURE OF RICHES

On left—

INTERLUDE ON THE RIVIERA: The bespectacled schoolmaster refuses to join in the fun. On his right at the bottom of the steps is Sir Robert Vanderhoven (Martin Miller), an elderly roué, living on the Riviera. On Philip Lester's left is Margaret Lester (Louise Allbritton) the wealthy sister-in-law from Canada, who has tempted the schoolmaster and his family to the South of France. Mary, his wife, emerges from dowdiness and, with the two children, thoroughly enjoys herself. Philip seems increasingly sulky as the problem of riches distracts him.

HOMAGE AT THE SCENE OF THE MIRACLE OF LOURDES: Pilgrims crowd the entrance of the Miraculous Grotto on the centenary of the day in February 1858 on which the young shepherdess, destined to be the future St. Bernadette, first reported that she had seen a vision of a beautiful lady, whom she identified as the Virgin Mary. Lourdes is celebrating the centenary throughout this year.

GREAT DAYS AT LOURDES

Pilgrims Crowd to France for the St. Bernadette Centenary

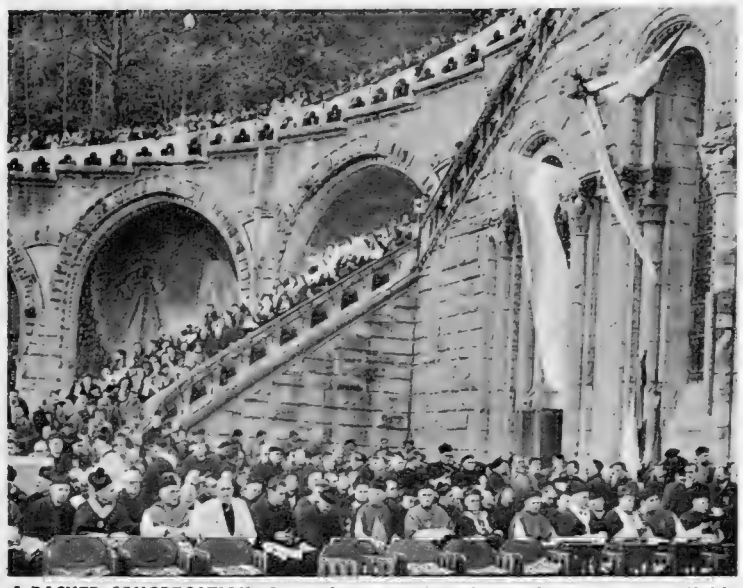
Lourdes this year is celebrating the ce tenary of the miraculous manifest tion to the shepherd girl Bernade Soubirous, on which grew the worl wide fame of the town as a centre faith-healing. February 11, 1858, w the actual date on which the future S Bernadette first saw her vision of t Virgin Mary and, eleven days ago, hundred years later, 50,000 pilgrims h crowded into the little town far in t south of France near the Pyrenean borde They had come from numerous countri and among them were Cardinals, Arc bishops and Bishops.

There can have been scarcely pilgrim who did not join in the thro moving through the Miraculous Grot where a statue of the Virgin mar the exact spot where St. Bernadette w vouchsafed her revelation. A fe minutes before midday, church bells and around Lourdes were pealing. Th at noon they stopped and after a bri and impressive silence those round t Grotto heard the voice of the Po relayed from the Vatican reciting t *Angelus* and giving them his Apostol blessing. Many of those who are goi to Lourdes this year—and it is anti pated that the total of pilgrims may rea 8,000,000—are hoping that at so period the Pope himself may join the However, when the centenary celeb tions opened the Vatican had offered indication that there was substance these hopes. According to one repo His Holiness is said to have rejected t suggestion with the remark "how ca leave my place with the internatio situation as it is at present."

PONTIFICAL MASS ON A HISTORIC OCCASION: Communion is celebrated in the Church of the Rosary on the day of the St. Bernadette Centenary. The celebrant was Monsignor Théas, the Archbishop of Tarbes and Lourdes, and the address was given by Cardinal Gerlier, Archbishop of Lyons.

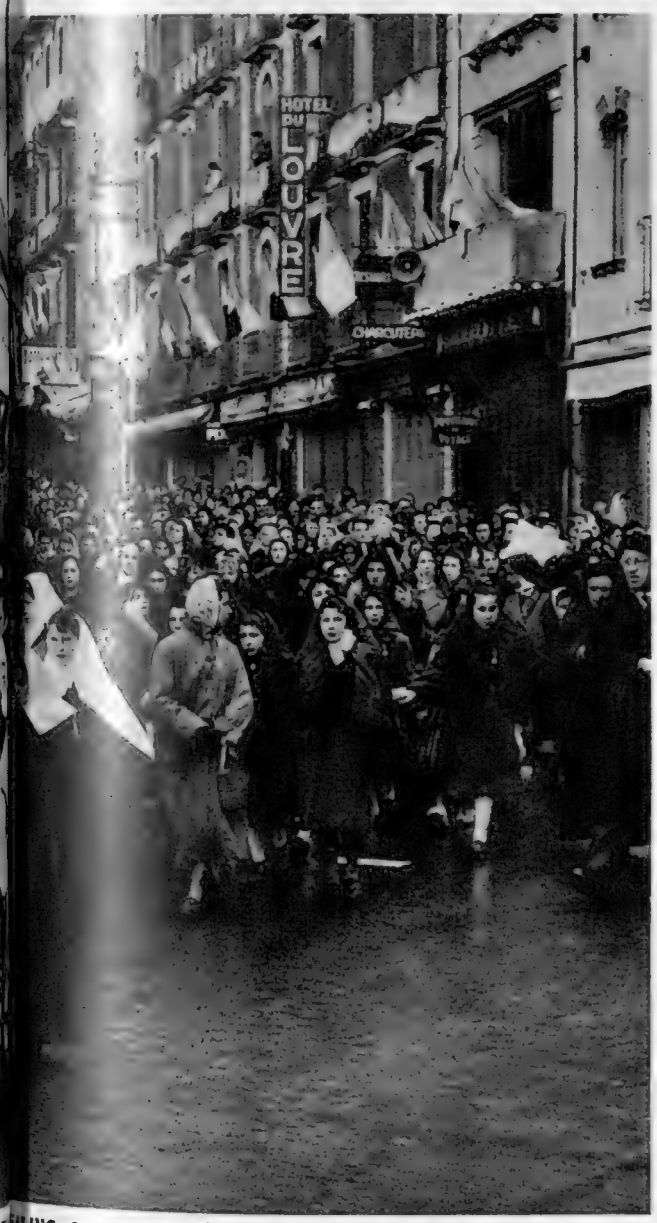
THE SICK TAKE PART IN A PROCESSION IN A WORLD-RENOWNED CENTRE OF SPIRIT marched to the Basilica of Lourdes. It was estimated that about 50,000 pilgr with Spain. According to the accepted story, St. Bernadette was directe

SENIOR ECCLESIASTICS AT THE CENTENARY CEREMONY: Cardinals and Archbishops from many countries wait for the start of a Mass in front of the Basilica. Some thirty episcopal dignitaries had come to Lourdes and the flags of sixty nations flew from the ramparts of the castle. A special message from the Pope to the assembled pilgrims in Lourdes urged Roman Catholics to pray for the freedom of the Church "in areas where oppression rages." This prayer was also the theme of many sermons in the churches of Lourdes.



A PACKED CONGREGATION: Apart from the seats in the front, every available space is occupied in the area before the Church of the Rosary, on the steps behind and balustrade above. The Pope broadcast his blessing.

PILGRIMS FROM BRITAIN: Members of the St. Christopher Group, which had come from all parts of the United Kingdom, walk down the steps outside the Cathedral. For the centenary day the streets of the town were decorated with the Marian and pontifical colours. The celebrations included a huge gathering at the Miraculous Grotto at midday—the time at which the saint first saw her vision—and in the evening a torch-light parade in the streets and a performance of Handel's *Messiah*.



HEALING: Invalids are wheeled in chairs among the huge crowd which were present in the little town in the far south of France close to the frontier of the Virgin of the Vision to the spring from which healing waters flow.

THE OLD AND THE NEW CATHEDRALS: In the background is the old Basilica built between 1868 and 1876. To the right is the spire of the Church of the Rosary. In the foreground is the structure of the new Cathedral, to be dedicated in March. This is a most originally designed building which will be almost underground.

THE CHISWICK FLY-OVER TAKES SHAPE: This view of the fly-over shows where it joins the Cromwell Road extension. The fly-over, which will be half a mile in length, is being carried across a roundabout in four spans and will have a width between parapets of 59 ft.

The construction of a fly-over section of roadway at a traffic roundabout in Chiswick, where the Cromwell Road extension joins the Great West Road, is now well in hand. The fly-over is part of a comprehensive scheme to extend the Cromwell Road in an effort to ease severe traffic congestion in the vicinity. The total cost of the Cromwell Road extension, which is expected to be completed within two-and-a-half years, is about £2,500,000. The fly-over will be half a mile in length. It is the first major two-level highway scheme to be carried out in the Metropolitan area since the war and is also one of the first of its kind in the country.

Work is now under way on the construction of a new road between Aldersgate Street and Moorgate, forming the first section of the projected Route 11 in the City of London. This section forms part of a long-term plan to relieve the more congested areas of the City by providing a new west-east route from an enlarged Ludgate Circus to Aldgate. It is, however, complete in itself in that it will form a by-pass to the Bank intersection for traffic between Newgate Street and Moorgate. The new road will be 600 yards in length and will carry two three-lane carriageways and two 12-ft. footpaths.

The City Corporation is building beneath the road an underground car park extending over the whole width of the carriageways, for a length of about 400 yards. It will accommodate up to 250 vehicles.

FROM ANOTHER ANGLE: The fly-over is spanning Wellesley Road at the point wh it crosses the Cromwell Road extension. When completed, the new two-l road junction will incorporate a fly-over section of roadway about half a m in length and a lower-level roundabout approximately 400 ft. in diame

WORK IN PROGRESS ON ROUTE 11—A NEW HIGHWAY IN THE CITY OF LONDON: *Left*—An almost completed section of the new road between Aldermanbury Postern and Wo Street, parallel with London Wall. At the Aldermanbury end the carriageway has already been set on piers and the space allotted for an underground car park can be se *Right*—The first section of the new road between Moorgate and Aldermanbury Postern, cutting across Basinghall Street, showing the piers which will support the carriage

UNIQUE JUNCTION OF AIR, RAIL AND ROAD TRANSPORT : Taken from the terminal building, looking north-east, this picture of part of the new Gatwick Airport development scheme shows work in progress on the fly-over approaches to the high-level roundabout which will make for a free flow of traffic on the diverted Brighton road running underneath. When the airport re-enters air transport service in the spring, it will be the first of its kind in the world to combine air, rail and road transport in one unit.

TOWARDS A BETTER LONDON

Three Major Development Schemes Take Shape—the Cromwell Road Extension, London's Route 11 and Gatwick's New Airport

The opening of the first section of the new Gatwick Airport, in Surrey—the diversion of the London to Brighton road which runs underneath the airport's terminal building and provides access to it by means of ramped approaches—marked the first major step towards the completion of this important development scheme. The bad weather of 1956 delayed much of the preparatory work, but since then the schedule has been stepped up considerably and it is now expected that at the time of the deadline—this spring—the airport will be fully operational. The Queen will officially open the new terminal buildings on June 9.

When it re-enters service, Gatwick's primary use will be that of a main diversion centre for international flights unable to land at London Airport because of bad weather. It will also take over some of the air services to the Channel Islands. Gatwick is well situated to take such a role, for it is on the main railway line to London with a fast electric train service to Victoria. Gatwick racecourse station is being reconstructed to service air passengers. The preparatory work involved much drainage and clearing operations. Forty houses were demolished to allow for the enlarged airfield and ancillary buildings.

CONSTRUCTION WORK PROGRESSES RAPIDLY : *On left*—A view of the passenger "finger" on top of the central pier. The operations block, on a lower level, passes underneath the covered corridor. Passengers will walk along this corridor between the main building and their aircraft instead of using airport buses. *On right*—The picture shows the connecting bridge between the railway station and the terminal building. The new canopies to the platform and approach roundabout of the fly-over are also visible.

A NEW SPORTING THOROUGHBRED

Reflections on the Monte Carlo Rally; the Rear-engined Renault Dauphine; Varying Methods of Parking; Provisional Driving Licences; and a Handy Accessory

By "THE SPHERE" MOTORING CORRESPONDENT

THE new Sunbeam Rapier is such a greatly improved car that it is difficult to know which features should be given priority in describing it. Not only does it look better, but it goes better, too. The size of the engine has been increased by 104 c.c. to 1½ litres, and it is surprising what a difference this makes to the new Rapier's liveliness throughout the speed range. Important contributions to the two-door sports saloon's brisker acceleration have also been made by stepping up the compression ratio from 8 to 1 to 8½ to 1, and by altering the spacing of the four gear ratios.

Overdrive is not now fitted as standard. The Rootes Group no longer rely on this device to give the car a high top speed. The extra power has made it possible to use higher ratios in the gear-box itself. The maximum speed is over 90 miles an hour. However, for £63 15s. (tax included), you can still have overdrive if you wish. Operating on top and third gears, it offers increased fuel economy, quieter running and reduced engine wear. You can cruise at high road speeds on low engine speeds.

Apart from the fact that overdrive is now an extra, the price of the Mark II Rapier remains unchanged at £1,043 17s., tax included. At that figure it should appeal to many people, especially in view of the fact that so many lessons learned in motor sport have been built into it. In a road test in France I quickly found that the steering is much lighter and more precise. On the zig-zag roads of the *Alpes Maritimes* this cut driving fatigue to a minimum and made for safer motoring. I detected surprisingly little brake fade, this being largely due to the provision of bigger front brakes. A new system of front suspension is noticeably more robust.

Sir William Rootes has done the right thing in seeing that the gear-lever has been moved from the steering column to the floor. It is placed within easy reach of the driver's left hand (on right-hand drive models) and easy, clean-cut changes are possible even when the driver is wrestling with tricky road conditions. Rakish tail fins of just the right proportions and a new front end give the car a really modern look and one that should make a special appeal in the dollar markets. An attractive convertible model of the Rapier is available for £60 extra, tax included.

The Rootes Group nearly won the Monte Carlo Rally with one of the old Rapiers. After one of the toughest rallies on record, Mr. Peter Harper and his crew did a wonderful job to finish fifth out of 302 starters. Just how testing it really was is shown by the fact that only fifty-nine cars arrived at Monte Carlo without disqualification. This was because of snow, ice and fog, coupled with the fact that any car more than an hour late at any control was automatically put out of the rally. In previous rallies cars stayed in the running until they were two hours late. Among the fifty-nine finishers there were twenty-three British cars. This figure comprised six Sunbeam Rapiers, five Fords, three A.C.'s, two Jaguars, two Standards, two Triumphs, one Austin, one M.G. and a Rover.

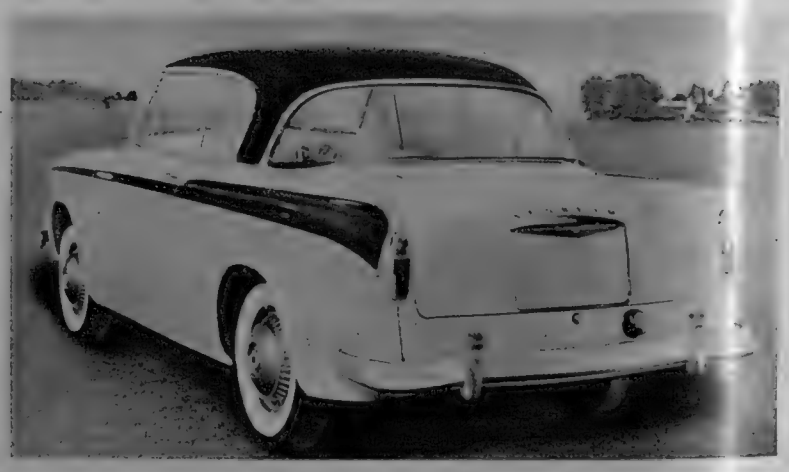
The gruelling 650-mile mountain test which awaited the finishers after they reached Monaco reduced the field to thirty-eight, including fourteen British. Sunbeams topped the British list with four cars, though the Standard Motor Co. also had four cars—two Standards and two Triumphs—among those which completed this classification test. Of the fifty-nine cars which survived for the mountain test only nine had clean sheets. One of them was Peter Harper's Sunbeam. Harper lost 2,928 points on the test and this experienced rally driver is at a loss to understand how he could have incurred such a heavy penalisation. He took things very philosophically and was proud to be in charge of the best-placed British car.

It is interesting to note that the first six places were filled by cars of six different makes from five different countries. All praise to the little 845-c.c. Renault Dauphine which gave victory to two French drivers from Clermont Ferrand. It was a fine achievement, brought off in the lowest-powered car ever to win the Monte Carlo Rally. Congratulations are also due to Mr. Bill Banks, a Lincolnshire farmer and businessman, who did well in the rally in a Rover 105 and later carried off all the awards in the traditional safety and comfort competition. The Rover belongs to his co-driver, Mr. Gerry Dunham, a garage man from Luton, in Bedfordshire.

Just a few words more about the Dauphine. The car which won the rally was, of course, a "hotted up" version of the standard product. It had, for instance, a high compression ratio and twin carburetters. But in most respects it was similar to the little rear-engined saloon which is assembled in England—at Acton. In Britain it costs £796 7s., including tax, does over 65 m.p.h. and 40 miles to the gallon.

I recently had one out for test and I was glad to renew the acquaintance of this sprightly little economy car. It has four doors, room for four adults, independent suspension of all four wheels, a three-speed gear-box with central gear-change lever, automatic choke, real carpets and a heater as a standard fitting. The model I drove had a Ferlec automatic clutch. It costs £38 5s. extra, including tax. There is no clutch pedal. The clutch, which operates on the conventional friction-plate principle, becomes automatically disconnected as soon as the engine revolutions die away and whenever the driver grasps the gear-change lever. The knob operates a solenoid which throws out the clutch. So to change gear you simply move the gear-lever from one position to another.

SUITABLE FOR THE FAMILY MOTORIST OR THE SPORTING ENTHUSIAST: The Sunbeam Rapier II is seen on the quayside at Monte Carlo. It has new body styling, a "short stick" floor gear-change and a larger capacity engine. *On right*—The Continental-type styling is seen from the rear.



While more and more people are becoming increasingly attracted to the "disc" parking system which is proving so successful in Paris, Britain's Minister of Transport has finally approved London's parking meter experiment in Mayfair. The Westminster City Council's scheme provides for the installation of 658 meters at a cost of £37,000 in the area of Mayfair bounded by Park Lane, Oxford Street, Bond Street and Grosvenor Square.

Twenty-eight different streets are affected. The meters will be spaced out over nearly three miles of public highway on which motor vehicles will be forbidden to stop, other than at the meters, except for brief periods to set down passengers or goods. Meter parking will cost sixpence an hour or a shilling for two. If a motorist exceeds his two hours he will be liable to a "deterrent" fine of 10s. At the public inquiry into the Mayfair experiment it was stated that the number of cars normally parked in the area concerned was 1,300. It means, therefore, that the street parking facilities will be more or less halved. It is one of the motoring organisations' strongest objections to the meter system that there are insufficient alternative off-street parking facilities for cars banned from the streets by the meter principle. Yet at some London garages the premises are seldom full. With parking meters a uniform space is allotted to each car.

The French disc system would permit the parking of many more than 600 cars at a time in the area of Mayfair chosen for the London experiment. The Paris parker finds a vacant kerbside space and before leaving his car displays in his windscreen a disc showing the time at which he left the car and the time by which he must take it away. There are two little "windows" in the disc. When a motorist adjusts the card to show his time of arrival in the left-hand "window" the time at which he must leave is automatically shown in the other "window." The permitted parking period varies from one to four hours, according to the time of day, but is normally an hour and a half. At present there is no revenue from this system apart from the 15s. fine imposed if a car overstays its permitted period. Against this, parking meters are costly to install and maintain. The French authorities are thinking of imposing a charge for parking discs, according to the size of car and according to whether it is issued for a week, month or year. This disc system should be carefully studied by Transport Ministry experts before the Department becomes irrevocably committed to meters. But I am convinced that whether by meters, discs or any other device, there must be some method of rationing out street parking space. The selfishness of the long-term parker must be checked.

From next week-end provisional driving licences will cost 10s. instead of 5s. but will last for six months instead of three. The Transport Minister also intends making an order giving power to local authorities to refuse another L-licence to learner-drivers who have failed to take a test or give a reasonable excuse for not doing so.

A NEW SPORT IN AMERICA: On a midget car racing track in Corvina, California, car chassis known as "go-carts" speed round a bend during a ten-lap race for adults only. They are only 4 ins. off the ground and can reach speeds of up to 40 miles an hour. This new form of car racing takes place over an asphalt track, fashioned like a figure eight and laid out in a car park.

The Lucas Company has announced an accessory which should appeal to British motorists who take their cars over to the Continent. It is a periscopic idea to enable people at the wheel of right-hand-drive cars to see round the vehicle in front of them when driving on the right-hand side of the road. It is an accessory that can reduce considerably the danger of pulling out to see if the road is clear for overtaking. Two mirrors are used. One is fitted near the top of the near-side windscreen pillar. It scans the road ahead and reflects what it sees into another backward-facing mirror mounted at the foot of the windscreen. The driver uses this second mirror as a kind of "third eye." The devices cost 37s. 6d. each.

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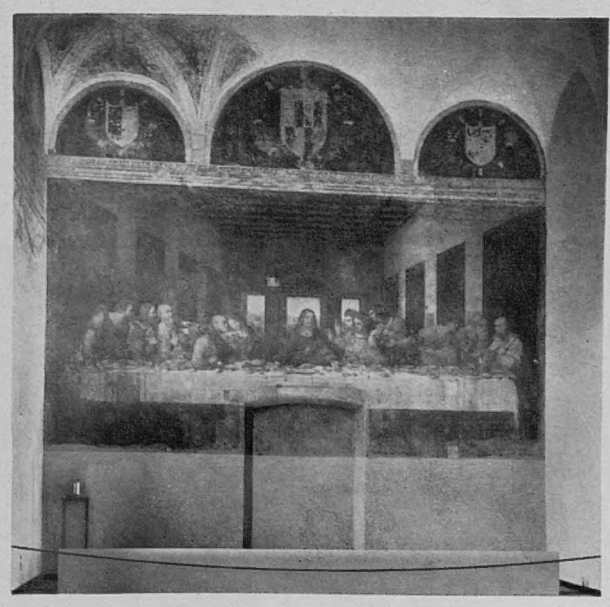
NEW PICTURES FROM ITALY'S INDUSTRIAL CENTRE

Two Aspects of the Great City of Milan—the Industrial Capital of Northern Italy

A MASTERLY RESTORATION: The church of Santa Maria delle Grazie, in Milan, was damaged by bombing during the war. The nave, seen here, has been so well restored that the new work is indistinguishable from the old. The original building of brick and terracotta was erected in the latter part of the fifteenth century.

AN OPTICAL ILLUSION: The East End of the Church of San Satiro gives the appearance of an apse. In fact the rear wall is flat and the sanctuary is a recess of only 3 ft. The effect was obtained by cunning perspective painting when the church was rebuilt by Bramante in 1477-79.

A DOMINATING INDUSTRIAL BUILDING: The structure nearing completion is the new Pirelli building, which is situated near the main railway station of Milan. The numbers on the corner indicate the progress made on twenty-one of the storeys. With a population of about 1,344,000, Milan is the second largest Italian city and is often called the "Industrial Capital" of Northern Italy.



On left—
ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS PAINTINGS IN THE WORLD: Leonardo Da Vinci's "Last Supper" is a tempera painting, not a true fresco, on the wall of the Refectory adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. Its post-war restoration by Professor Mauro Pelliccioli was fully described in "The Sphere" when the work was finished in 1955.

Milan is a celebrated treasure house of art. It is also nowadays a thriving industrial centre, justifiably known as the Industrial Capital of Northern Italy. The pictures on this page by our photographer, Mr. A. F. Kersting, who has recently returned from a visit to Northern Italy, illustrate the two aspects of the city.

Old Milan is inevitably the attraction for tourists. Few other cities can rival its architecture and art collections and music-lovers certainly rank the performance at La Scala Opera as among the finest in the world. The churches, palaces and galleries offer almost an embarrassment of riches. The Cathedral is magnificently Gothic, but much of Milan's building belongs to the Renaissance—to the period of Michelozzo and Bramante—and the paintings in the galleries centre round that school of artists of which Leonardo was the chief inspiration.

Most people, if asked to name the world's most famous painting, would probably say it was Leonardo's "Last Supper." Its portrayal of the Upper Room is so imprinted on the Western mind that it is almost impossible to imagine the scene in any other form. The painting is on a wall of the refectory of the Dominican convent adjoining the church of Santa Maria delle Grazie. The building suffered heavy bomb damage during the war and by 1945 the "Last Supper" was fading and the paint was flaking off. The following year Professor Mauro Pelliccioli began his masterly restoration of the work, which took him seven years to complete.

Yet even the most enthusiastic art-lover cannot be unaware of industrial Milan. The city has for years been a centre of trade unionism—Mussolini often regarded it with suspicion—and to-day the signs of its industrial importance are becoming more noticeable.

Skyscraper buildings rise among the jewels of past architecture. Some may deplore this mixture of the new with the old. But perhaps in 200 or 300 years' time the mid-twentieth-century structures of steel and concrete and glass will be regarded as expressions of their period in the same way in which the Duomo and the Castello Sforzesco are looked upon to-day as examples of the creative endeavour of their times.

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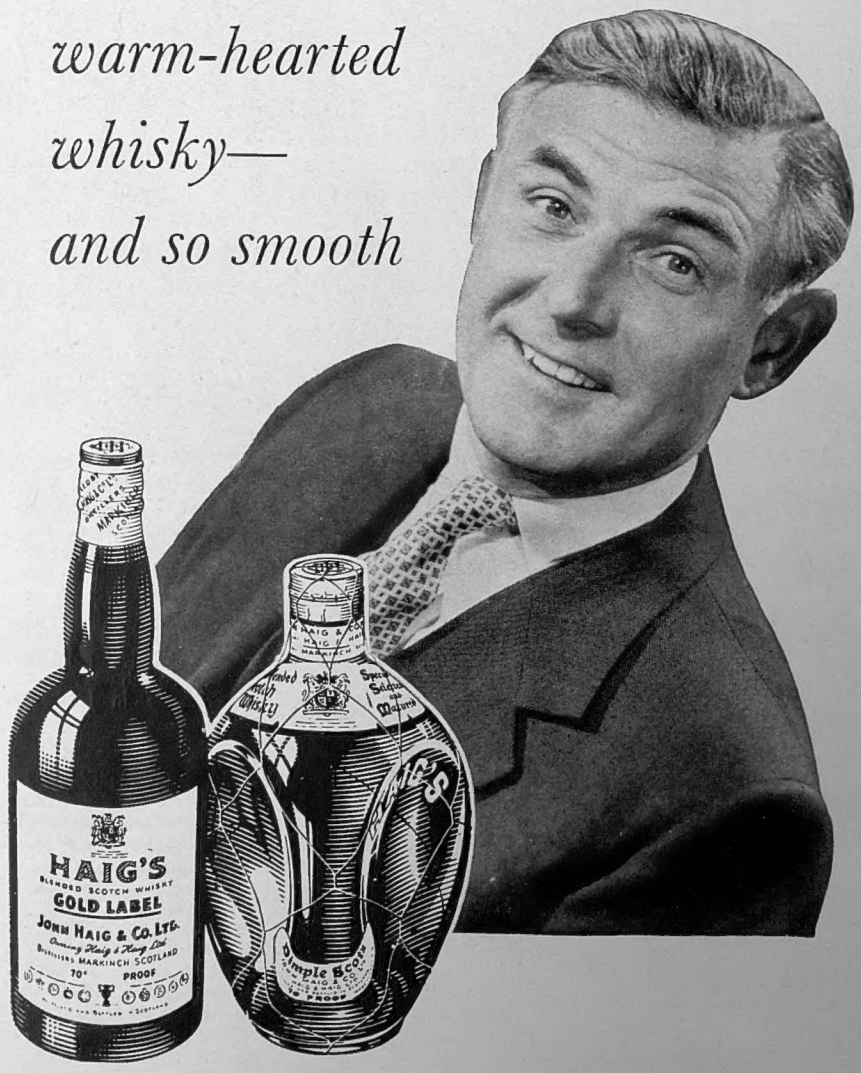
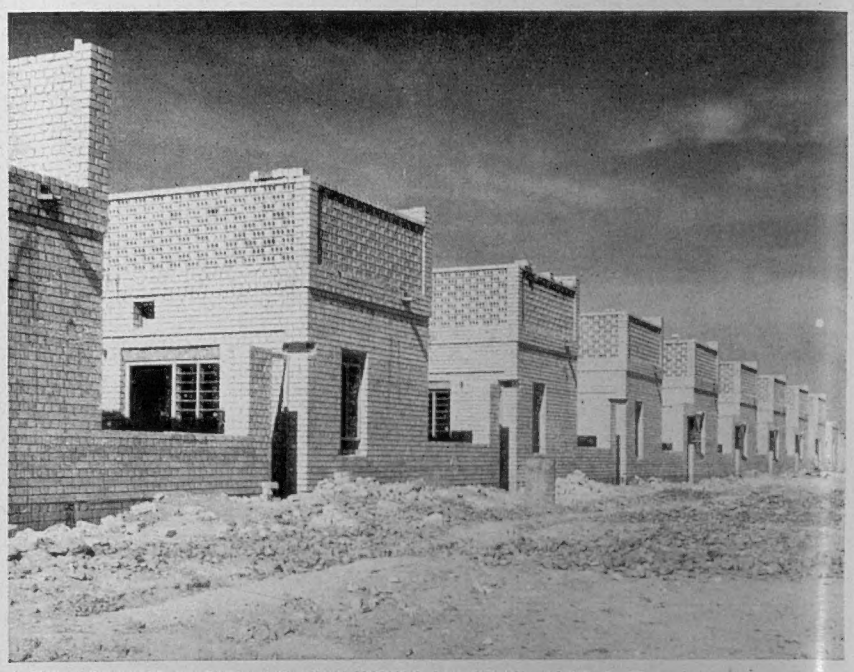


THE OLDEST SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS IN THE WORLD

NEW FACE OF BAGDAD

Families are Leaving Their Mud Huts for the Comforts of British-built Houses

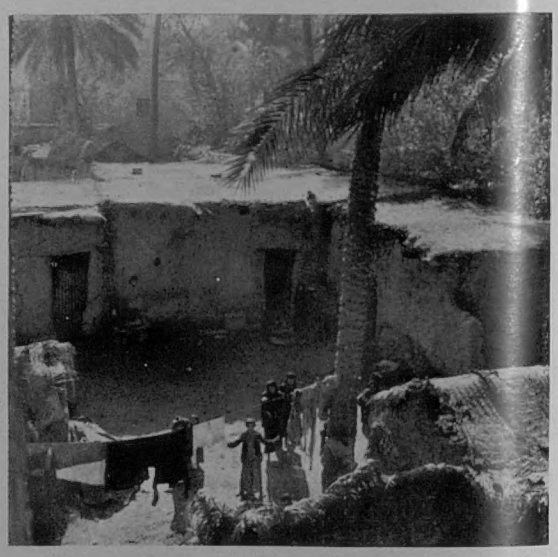


A VIEW OF SOME OF THE 1,000 NEW HOUSES AT TOPCHI, BAGDAD: They have been erected by the British firm of George Wimpey and Co. Ltd., for the Iraq Ministry of Social Affairs. The houses have flat roofs, screened by walls, enabling occupants to sleep outside during hot weather. A family of eight can be accommodated with ease.

Many families at Topchi, in Bagdad, are now enjoying some of the modern comforts and amenities of home life which in other parts of the world are normally taken for granted. After having lived in primitive and rather depressing surroundings in mud huts known as sarifas, families are moving into modern houses which have been built by a British firm, George Wimpey and Co. Ltd., for the Iraq Ministry of Social Affairs. The houses, which number, all told, 1,000, are being let by the Iraq Ministry of Social Affairs at a low rental to people in the lower income group. The three-roomed house is adequate to accommodate a family of up to eight persons.

Entirely self-contained, each house has a small back garden with a high brick wall all round giving adequate privacy from neighbours. In addition, access to a flat roof is by means of an external concrete stairway with wooden handrails. After an initial period of four months to allow for importing materials and for the preparation of the site, the houses were scheduled to be constructed at the rate of eighty per month.

This target was often exceeded and, in actual fact, the entire number was completed well within the contract time of eighteen months, thus adding considerable prestige to British workmanship.



On right—

PREPARING TO MOVE: A group of women gather their belongings as they prepare to leave the sarifas (mud huts) to take up residence in the British-built houses. The structures of the township are in back-to-back terraced blocks of twelve to fourteen houses.

A WALK IN THE SUN: Young children walk along a dusty pathway which is to be converted into a modern roadway. The new Bagdad housing scheme was planned as a township with sufficient space between the rows of houses for proper roads to be built.

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195-198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

IN PREVIOUS ARTICLES I outlined three motoring itineraries for the benefit of those who contemplate touring Britain this year.

Route 1 covered a ten-days tour of Scotland ; Route 2 the south-western counties of England, and Route 3 took the tourist through the Cotswolds, Wye Valley, Wales and back to London, via Chester, Shrewsbury, Broadway, Stratford-on-Avon, Oxford and Thames Valley.

Now for the first instalment of the fourth itinerary covering Kent, East Anglia, Yorkshire, the Lake District and back to London through countrified and seaside Lancashire (yes, it does exist !) and through the Derbyshire Peak district.

I make no apology for going southward first, for Kent, the oldest of our English counties, might otherwise be overlooked, and will be convenient for those overseas visitors who land at Lydd, Dover or Folkestone as a commencing point. The cream of Kent can be skimmed in two days, so if you are a member of the A.A. or an affiliated organisation, ask them for the following route. London–Purley, Warlingham, Westerham (birthplace of General Wolfe and the nearby home of Sir Winston Churchill) on to Hever, Chiddingstone, Penshurst (a lovely village with its Place and Church), and then, via Bidborough Ridge, to Tunbridge Wells, London's nearest inland spa. Here her residents, due to its chalybeate waters, live far beyond the allotted normal span. Be sure to see The Pantiles, and for lunch, take choice of The Spa Hotel, The Wellington or The Castle. Alternatively, if you have started in good time and have a gastronomical urge, make for Brenchley, a village six miles east off the Pembury–Hastings road, where The Rose and Crown Inn will prove a delectable find. Tables must be booked in advance (Tel. : Brenchley 107) and steer clear of a Tuesday, for it 's chef's day off and no meals are served.

From Tunbridge Wells or Brenchley, a delightful run can be enjoyed through the Kentish countryside with hop-fields, orchards and oast-houses rarely out of sight. The following route should be taken : Goudhurst–Cranbrook–Hawkhurst (note Tudor Hall Hotel), Rolveden–Tenterden, here, keeping right for Lympne, Hythe and Folkestone. Both of these latter seaside towns make admirable halting-places for the night. The old cinque port of Hythe has the charm of antiquity, while its principal, The Imperial, has the benefit of modern thought in comfort and amenities. Folkestone is a charming town and hotels I can cordially recommend are The Burlington, Princes and The Ambassador.

Next day the big objective is Canterbury. For those who would prefer to stay in this English cradle of Christianity, I suggest The Chaucer, and The Cathedral Gate Hotel, whose entrance is within the Cathedral precincts. Canterbury must not be hurried over, so lunch there and later head northwards via Maidstone and Wrotham, to the Charles Dickens country around Rochester. In these parts are two famous Dickensian inns, Ye Olde Leather Bottle at Cobham and The Bull at Rochester, which, I hear, has been acquired by the proprietors of The Royal Clarendon, Gravesend. This means, in due course, a great upgrading in comfort and cuisine. Find time at Rochester to view the fine Norman Cathedral and ruins of the Castle.

I suggest you spend the second night at The Royal Clarendon Hotel at Gravesend. Not only has it an excellent name for its catering and comfort, but from its front windows one gets a magnificent view of Old Father Thames at one of his busiest points. Further, after crossing the Ferry to Tilbury, there is nothing to detain one until Colchester is reached.

For those who have not the time to visit this old Roman city, a ring road skirts it leading out to Ipswich and Norwich. Particularly note, seven miles beyond Colchester at the foot of Gun Hill, a sixteenth-century house once occupied by Flemish weavers called Le Talbooth. Now an hotel and restaurant, the owners, Gerald Milsom and his wife, display a real understanding of food and wine.

Norwich is our next night's stop and you should book your accommodation the night before. Recommended hotels are The Castle (Tel. : 24283), Maid's Head (Tel. : 28821) and The Bell, a Trust House (Tel. : 21256).

Look up Norwich on the map and you will see it is the centre of a spider's web of roads, so for those who are not concerned about the calendar or cash, Norfolk's capital makes a good centre for visits to Great Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Southwold and the Broads.

Continuing on our way, we leave Norwich for Cromer. You may well wish to linger along this north Norfolk coast, so I list some hotels where you may halt and eat awhile with satisfaction. *Overstrand*—Overstrand Court Hotel ; *Cromer*—The Grand ; *West Runton*—Roseacre ; *Weybourne*—Swiss Restaurant (famous for food) ; The Blakeney Hotel and The Golden Lion at *Hunstanton* ; and, for the night, choose from Ingoldisthorpe Manor Hotel, close to Sandringham, or The Globe Hotel in ancient King's Lynn. Both specialise in good food and wine. Next day the route lies via Holbeach, to our first stop Boston and its famous Stump. Then one can make comfortably, before lunch, that surprising wooded oasis in the Fens, Woodhall Spa. Here is a charming country-house hotel called Petwood. A meal here and a stroll through its charming grounds will surely delight you, but do not dally too long, for I am anxious that you should spend the night in the shadow of Lincoln Cathedral at The White Hart, a most satisfying hotel and, at the same time, see something of the Cathedral, Castle ruins and town.

Heading northward, the next day you can keep right off the busy Great North Road by taking a route which runs through Gainsborough–Thorne–Selby, and so to York. Prior to lunch, visit the Minster, and afterwards stroll around the historic streets and view the old Roman walls and gates. Having visited Canterbury five days previously, it would be interesting to have your comparative impressions. *(To be continued)*

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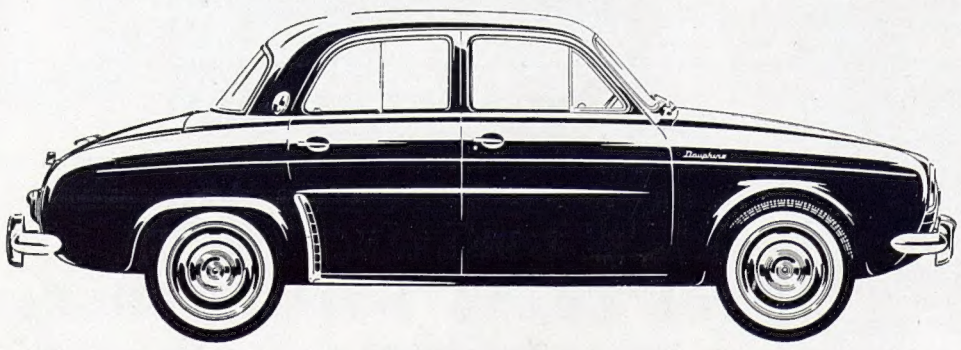

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